

Emily Smyth Cooper.

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Class Book, Bryn Mawr 1905.

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Freshman Year



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1905's First Class Meeting



ALTHOUGH Dr. Leuba may tell us that pure sensations are impossible, I know I had them, vivid and quite apart from my past life, at our first class meeting.

Firstly, I had never dreamed how many different parts of interior house furnishing *might* be regarded as temporary receptacles for human beings. I had conceived of the bed, and dresser, and washstand, as possibilities, but the bookshelves and walls, the picture moulding and transoms in this capacity had not formed a part of my past experience.

The next sensation which was absolutely pure was that caused by the rapidity of the air vibrations from without. I called up all my past ideas of "rough houses" but none applied to this event. At first there was just a mysterious rumble all over the house. Suddenly an Indian death yell broke out downstairs. Some one called "Close the doors!" which we did, and violently. From then on, the uproar continued, accompanied by individual feminine voices shrieking "No personal violence!" and also by wood-splintering assaults on the doors. After the doors were locked an expectant pause was broken by a yellow-haired girl—a Miss Mason, of Chicago, I was told—who, in an off-hand unselfconscious way moved that Miss Le Fevre be made chairman.

If I marveled at the yellow-haired girl's nonchalance, I fairly gasped at the ease, the poise and graciousness with which Miss Le Fevre addressed that heterogeneous mass of femininity from the top of a shaky washstand. She first suggested that we all call each other by our first names immediately, which made me wonder if she were a practical girl. Then she took up the most impressive business of that meeting, the adopting of our cheers, and 1905, at various pitches of the scale, joined in:

Che hee! Che ha! Che hee ha! ha!
Nineteen hundred and five, Bryn Mawr!

and

Who's the friends of the Freshmen wee?
Juniors brave of 1903!

After this she suggested that we elect our basketball captain, then and there. My

yellow-haired friend proposed a name, and again we proved the unanimousness of 1905's voting. At that moment some one whispered at the door, "Let me in! I'm Louise Marshall!" She squeezed in just in time, and jumped agilely across the bed, to jeer out of the transom of the other door.

"We've elected you basketball captain, Dill," called Miss Yellow-hair.

"Oh, thank you, whoever did it," cried my third impression, from the outskirts of the transom.

This is all I remember. I think we attended to a few more class matters at our leisure, and then we, too, joined the outside uproar, and marched to the arch proudly cheering,

"Who's the friends of Freshmen wee?
Juniors brave of 1903!"

ALICE JAYNES.

The Last Freshman Rush—1901

I do not know how it happened that the two Freshmen I knew best, at that early date, and myself came to be in Pembroke East the evening of the Rush, but anyway we were imprudent enough to be there. When the time came to join the Great Class at the appointed place, never shall I forget the thrill of horror which froze us all when the cry came that the Sophomores had locked us in and were guarding the front door. We were then in the study of Miss Farwell and Miss Thayer. It was interesting to see our hostesses and Miss Blodgett—whom I have since heard described as the "essence of culture"—leave the hall by means of the windows. The rest of us got the door open somehow, and rushed madly down the hall to the front door. This way was guarded by Eleanor McCormick and some other Sophomores—I think about twenty, but I cannot be sure—it may have been five. We, the gallant "remnant" charged upon this bloodthirsty "majority" in a way to which modesty will allow me to apply only one term—"wonderful." "No personal violence" was used by either side—more than the other. But perhaps a little more by us, for we finally broke through the Sophomore ranks and dashed out of the door. I have no recollection of getting to the meeting place. I did not even know the way around the campus. But I can remember the welcoming shouts of the others when we arrived

—almost the last. Down behind Radnor we formed a long procession, single file. Those who sang best were at the head. Florence Craig was one of the first. I was next to her, I think. Helen Sturgis was somewhere near. We rushed through Radnor, fighting every inch of the way, which lay over trunks and other obstacles. I remember being detained on top of an ill-balanced trunk by three Sophomores, and being pulled therefrom by many helpful, shrieking classmates. Outside of Radnor I remember noticing Miss Lange and some loyal 1903's, who were singing in a splendidly savage way. In Merion I seem to recall our coasting downstairs on some more trunks—but in Denbigh—ah!

We had heard the Sophomores were awful in Denbigh, so we could hardly wait to get there. We had a cold reception—thrown from the second story windows—as we entered. We took it grimly. Our blood was up. No hope for 1904.

How to describe Denbigh? The opposing masses of Sophomores and Freshmen, at an absolute deadlock in the lower hall. Nothing to see but heads, untidy heads, and faces, hot, blazing faces. To feel the awful pressure of the entire class behind, to be equally pressed back by the Sophomores in front, to strain every nerve and muscle as they never were strained before, nor since, and not to be able to move a sixteenth of an inch, to hear the confused shouting, to yell confusedly one's self—oh, it was glorious! It was living at high pressure; it was emotion at the boiling point!! Once the lights were turned out, but the struggling that got nowhere, and the cries that deafened one, only increased. Once it was shouted that someone in back had fainted, but we who were the most compressed fainted not. We gained no ground, however. All seemed desperate. Was 1905 to leave Denbigh by the same door through which it entered? *Never!* A great voice arose from the front ranks of the great class, bearing a message of encouragement: "Push, Nellie, *push like the devil!* Push, back there! Oh, you're not *pushing*." But we were, and we pushed, and pushed, and won!

We were not looking our best when we emerged into the light of Pembroke Arch, but we were, I think, supremely happy. As we walked through Pembroke East and West, it was as if we rested after Denbigh. Then we stood under the Arch, and listened to the class songs, from '97 on, and were sung to, and sang Our Rush Song.

FLORENCE WATERBURY.

On the afternoon of October 3, President Thomas gave her Annual Reception to the Freshman Class at the Deanery, where for the first time were instilled into them the traditions of the College—and especially the necessity of No Personal Violence; after which they were fed upon the lawn.

The Christian Union Reception of Freshman Year

Great was the excitement when early in the first week of Freshman Year there appeared on the hall tables mysterious looking envelopes addressed to the "Class of 1905." It was some time before we realized that *we* were "The Class of 1905," and dared to open the invitations which proved to be from the Christian Union.

The Sophomores talked rather disrespectfully of the "Onion blowout" or "tea-fight," but assured us it was quite the thing for us all to accept. The Juniors looked shocked at their phraseology, but corroborated the other statements, and added that we were expected to appear in our best gowns.

Friday night, therefore, which was to witness the debut of the Class of 1905, found us fluttering with excitement. The dignified upper classmen who took us to the reception, regarded us much as a hen does her flock of chicks, and, to our surprise, seemed even a trifle bored before the end of the evening.

Of course, I had been in crowds before, but there never was a crowd exactly like the one which greeted our eyes as we opened Denbigh door—so much space was taken up by clothes. You stepped gingerly over a train of blue chiffon only to land in the midst of a pink ruffle, and receive a withering glance from the owner. At last my escort succeeded in literally shoving me to a table on which was a heap of neat little cards inscribed with the respective names of the members of the Freshman Class. After I had been labeled we plunged into the mob still deeper.

My memory of the evening is a confused mixture of shattered illusions. For instance, I discovered from their cards that various of my more dignified classmates were not Sophomores, as I had hitherto conjectured. I was introduced again to the Dean, which seemed to me rather unnecessary as only a day or so before I had called upon her with my mother, and, of course, she could not have forgotten me so soon. To my surprise, however, she greeted me as blankly as one does a new face. Somehow I was left beside her, and a strained conversation ensued in the course of which we touched on every subject from the Freshman class to the servant girl problem.

The end of the evening was marked by the melodious strains of the Glee Club who rendered a medley of College Songs—some of these were already familiar to us and we were urged to join in. I was thereby destined to receive a final shock which has repeated

itself at frequent intervals during my whole college course. It was a result of the sounds which I heard issuing from a tall, lank classmate who stood in painful proximity to me.

I went home a wiser girl. Among other distinct impressions I had a fixed idea that I could never be president of self-government if I should be once proctored for making a noise, that I was taking the stiffest course in college, and would undoubtedly flunk out at mid years, and that, should I chance to escape this accident and remain in B. M. C., it would be a physical impossibility for me to pass my German Oral because I had entered on Greek, (an idea which later experience painfully verified,) but that, after all, life was worth living as long as *The Philistine* would pay me \$20.00 for every story I'd write them.

ELEANOR LOVELL LITTLE.

On the evening of Friday, October 11, 1905 trotted in its best bib and tucker to Pembroke East, where the Senior Class entertained them, with much ice cream and cake, and the *dear* old songs. This party was chiefly characterized by the wretched cheering of the Freshmen, who interrupted each and every class impartially.

Item—our singing was even worse.



On Teas ; or, Extracts from the Diary of Susie Snooks

October 5.—This afternoon I went to tea in a Sophomore's room. Her name is Miss K——, and she lives right around the corner from me, in the next corridor. I think she must like me, for I was the only Freshman there, and the others were all Sophomores. Somehow, I didn't mind a bit, for they were perfectly great to me. They are awfully nice girls. They asked me lots of questions, and seemed awfully interested in me, for the moment I began to speak they would all stop talking among themselves and listen to what I said. I told them what a cinch the entrance exams were—and how I think that a girl who wants to be popu-

lar at college must start out to be interested in everyone she meets, and that is what I have decided to do—and how I think that a girl is awfully apt to deceive herself as to whether she is truly in love or not, if she gets engaged before her mind has matured, which would be, I should say, by Junior summer, perhaps—and what I think our class is going to be like, what it is going to stand for, I mean, in the College—and how I was editor of the paper at school last year, and have already written several poems to send in to *The Philistine*. The fact that they wanted to know my thoughts on all these subjects makes me think that they like me, and are planning to take me into their crowd. Then I played to them—for Miss K—— had asked me to bring my guitar—and they said some awfully nice things about my playing. They told me to try to make the Mandolin Club, and one of them, a Miss Lord, said that she would put my name up, and if I didn't get more than two blackballs, I could get in by Christmas of Sophomore year. If you can't get in before that, I wonder how she is already a member! I never thought of that until this minute! I must ask her some day! I sang our Rush Song to them because they said they weren't able to catch the words of it the other night. And I sang the first eleven stanzas of the class song that May Belle Martin and I are writing. And I sang the College Hymn at the close, for they say that that's the thing to do. Wasn't it lucky that I learned it in the summer! Then, after about two hours, the party broke up, and they all came round to my room and ate some of the five pound box of Huyler's that Jack sent me yesterday. They ate it almost up. They stayed until the dinner-bell rang. I don't know who told them about Jack and me and the candy, but they seemed to know. I forgot to say that at Miss K——'s we had tea and ladyfingers.

October 8.—To-day I went to five teas. You don't want much to eat at dinner when you've gone to so many teas! One was given by someone in our class to meet her mother, and the other four were Junior teas. I like the Juniors, of course, but I don't think they're the least bit exciting. These were quite nice girls, though. Miss K—— wasn't at any of the teas. At the Freshman's we had chocolate and strawberry ice cream, hot chocolate with whipped cream, walnut and cheese sandwiches, and all sorts of fancy cakes. I suppose it just happened that all those four Juniors are sort of poor girls, for all they had was tea and bread and butter.

October 9.—All our table stayed away from breakfast this morning, and ate in May Belle's room. You can make the most delicious chocolate out of condensed milk—pour it into the cup and muddle it round with Whitman's chocolate, and add hot water. I drank three cups, for I was hungry. May Belle's roommate had some peanut butter, and we ate that on butterthins.—SUSIE SNOOKS, 1905.

EMILY LOUISE BLODGETT.



The Pan American

FRIDAY, October 18, 1901.

There never was a happier piece of fortune for any one, than for 1905 when the first show given in College was that of 1903 in the form of the Pan American. No one could have been introduced to college life in a more representative way—representative not only of choice wit, spontaneous noise and general joviality, but also in the very best and most wholesome way of good feeling and Junior spirit. It was a show to make young Freshmen stand and gaze in wonder, and yet to warm the cockles of their hearts.

From the moment when we started out under the protection of white-capped, spoon-carrying Cook's guides, we were in a state of speechless joy. At the door each one of us was given a little hoard of paper money to spend just as we saw fit, and a cracker pig, or goat or lion. Then gathered in with other "pigs," or "goats," we wandered forth upon our adventures.

We shall not soon forget the burlapped savages of the Dahomey village, the cartoonist, the burden-bearing camel, the wild animals under the whip lash of beast-manager White. I paid five cents of my precious money to hear the "roar of Niagara," and received one of the most lasting impressions of the whole evening when there sounded forth a gentle voice singing softly, "Here's to Seniors Far Above Us."

The "Freshman Dream" was a side show that gave us the ideal of what our Freshman play heroine should be. Then there was the "Baby Incubator," with infants in various stages of development, such as 1904, 1905 and 1906. Of course, 1905 was the big, happy baby, as it had 1903 for Juniors. Behind the curtains hung across one end of the gym, could be found the only quiet spot, where a Chinese pantomime went on in continuous performance. Here fat, pig-tailed Chinamen leered at us, and the golden-haired little Chinese maiden pattered 'round and smiled.

It was not long, however, before we were forced by the guides' cry of, "Come pigs, pigs!" to turn away from the play, and out again into the motley crowd. Here there were many admiring bands of "goats" and "rhinoceroses" and others, like ourselves, ambling from show to show. There were wandering distributors of tracts and advertisements. There were spectacled tourists, who first stared then hastily took snapshots. There were hucksters, from whom we bought popcorn, or souvenirs, mostly little buffaloes. A very fair, slender youth, in brilliant striped blazer, wheeled the luxurious about in a

bath-chair (commonly called a truck). A strong man swung the youthful—not to say the less heavy—in high rope swings (in fact, the rings). Every now and then one ran up against the busy camel, led about by the shouting orange-colored Arab.

A trip to Hades meant descending into the darkness, where glaring alcohol flames on the opposite side of the bank lit up the Styx. Charon swam back and forth, urging us to come and be towed across in his boat, with Maxine Wragley—in other words “loop the leupp”—but some of us were not “on” until long after in reminiscence. The flames came from the threshold of the Chamber of Horrors across the Styx, where appeared the horrid pallid shades of the Proctor, the Alcohol Fiend (Borrower), the Murmuring Heart, and others more human, like the girl sent from gym, with her variegated stockings and bows.

After such a scene it was with joy that we were guided to “Alt Nurmberg” for solace and refreshment. One solace was offered in the form of a highly-colored German band, whose dashing conductor is memorable; the refreshments were served by dainty little deutsch maids.

Back now to the busy “Street” to get our first treat of “stunts.” We all joined in eagerly with “Montague dance! Montague dance!” without an idea of what it meant until we saw one of the little Dahomey ladies jump up to dance alone.

All this first part was the joviality side of a Junior Show. We first came to understand the deeper side when we all sat together on the floor and waited for the curtain to rise, still wondering at everything, but in a quieter way. We knew that somehow we were going to have a flag, but no one had any expectation of the really beautiful scene that was to accompany its presentation. I think the one event in that whole evening of events, that is clearest in each one’s memory now, was the brief sight of the picture that appeared at the rising of the curtain—the “Maid of the Mist” with the pale light shining upon her fair hair and glimmering garments. Just for a moment we saw her—and then a second time, when she held in her outstretched arms the bright, new red 1905 banner. No one would ever believe that the fringy, threadbare, drab-colored tatter was once as neat and brilliant a red flag as 1909’s soon will be. But it was, and proud were they who received it.

Ever since that night of our early youth has the Class of 1905 looked back upon the Pan American as the ideal show, whose heartiness, joviality and generous spirit we should do well to emulate. We have always brought up others in the tradition of the Pan American, and even now when we want to praise some show a good deal we are quite apt to add—“but there, nothing could ever *quite* come up to the Pan American.”

Which goes to point out the ways of 1903.

MARGARET BAXTER NICHOLS.

David Garrick

1904 to 1905

Characters

DAVID GARRICK	<i>Phyllis Green</i>
MR. SIMON INGOT.....	<i>Virginia R. Chauvenet</i>
SQUIRE CHIVY.....	<i>Helen W. Arny</i>
MR. SMITH.....	<i>Susie O. Swindell</i>
MR. BROWNE	<i>Martha S. Rockwell</i>
MR. JONES.....	<i>Florence E. Robins</i>
THOMAS.....	<i>Harriet R. Southerland</i>
GEORGE, Garrick's Servant.....	<i>Harriet Clough</i>
ADA INGOT.....	<i>Ruth B. I. Wood</i>
MRS. SMITH.....	<i>Sara S. Palmer</i>
MISS ARAMINTA BROWNE.....	<i>Hope R. Woods</i>

The first play that 1905 ever saw on the gymnasium stage—where in the Bryn Mawr periodical parlance, every actor deserves “especial praise,” and is to be congratulated on her “rendering of a difficult rôle,”—was “David Garrick,” the Sophomore play given us by 1904.

This play was extremely well given. The attractiveness of the scene, portraying as it did, different types of the London Coffee House days, the bright, striking costumes of the eighteenth century, the manly hero and dainty heroine—all these things made it a great success. In addition to the play itself, the crowding, pushing mass of enthusiastic spectators who filled the floor, the gallery, and the entry; the cheers and songs and general festive air seemed to 1905 a realization of all the most ardently longed-for scenes from books of college days, eagerly scanned before such days had begun.

To pile Pelion on Parnassus, the Sophomores gave us a fancy dress dance the next night, at which the admiring audience of the night before might actually dance with the theatrical stars. Through the clouds of confetti, accursed of Gym Kate, whirled knights, and cowboys, shepherdesses, babies, monks, red riding hoods, and even a Taylor Tower. After the refreshments, different members of 1904 did their time-honored “stunts,” of which Phyllis Greene’s dance stands out most clearly in 1905’s memory, and at ten o’clock the merry crowd went home, to go over again in midnight discussions every exciting incident of the glorious event.

GLADYS KING.

Lantern Night

NOVEMBER 5, 1901.

If the Class of 1905 first awoke to a sense of its power as an "aggregation of individuals" on the occasion of the last real "rush" Bryn Mawr has seen, it certainly realized its significance as an integral part of the scholastic life of the College no less keenly on another similar and even more significant occasion—on that night of all nights in the Freshmen's career, when they first awkwardly don the "classic garb," and wield, with trembling hands the "torch of learning." Nowadays one commonly hears this event spoken of as "Lantern Night." But in the good old days when 1905 entered college, the days when "no personal violence" was still the whispered watchword of the classes, and an attitude of furtive animosity toward Sophomores was considered the becoming one for Freshmen, it was "Cap and Gown Night," with dark suggestions of the fray, that one heard spoken of on all sides. Surely as the change has come upon us, it was yet the fortune of 1905 to experience the very end of the old-fashioned "Cap and Gown Night," with its traditional Sophomore-Freshman struggle, while at the same time tasting all the mysterious excitement that has since attached itself more and more to the symbol of the lantern.

Up to the night of November 5, classified but not *classicized*, we had gazed with a distinct feeling of envy on the upper classmen and Sophomores, as they floated about in their gowns, and we looked forward with impatience to the time when we, too, should be dignified with the scholastic garb; for had we ever really a keener sense of our existence as a class than on that night when we stood in an ungainly semicircle in front of Denbigh, waiting in thrilled silence for the arrival of our lanterns? The cold, blustering wind, with a suspicion of rain in it, that swept over the campus, under the black, cloud-beset sky, could not chill our ardor, as we stood there, our eyes strained toward Pembroke. Then, through the silence of the night came the first solemn notes of "Pallas Athena Thea," and out of the blackness of the arch gleamed a string of bobbing red lights, like a chain of dancing fireflies. Slowly it lengthened out, twinkling behind the bushes, encircling the dimly outlined hulk of Taylor, while the surging gradually swelled into the sound of many voices. Waiting only to receive the glowing lanterns into our hands, we burst into enthusiastic response, and to the triumphant strains of our "Lantern Song" we marched from hall to hall, cheered by our loyal Juniors, until, hoarse and weary, our caps awry and half

our lanterns out, we reached Pembroke. There again, as on "Rush Night," but with a stronger feeling that we were part of it all, we listened to the singing in the Arch.

So ended all of Lantern Night that was "given to the public."

But there were certain other "unscheduled" happenings that occurred that night, old-time animosities furtively creeping out, ancient "cap and gown" hostilities renewed in a secret and fragmentary way. In fact, it was not a very restful night spent by 1905. But this would be indeed "another story," and since this is merely a reminiscence of 1905's "Lantern Night," I had better let all lurking, though delightful, remembrance of "Cap and Gown Night," as such, remain buried in a justly deserved oblivion.

THEODORA BATES.





Borumora

1905 to 1904

November 15, 1901.

Act I—In the Philippine Islands.

Act II—On the Deck of the *Olympia*.

Act III—A study at Bryn Mawr College.

Characters

AGUINALDO.....	Caroline Morrow
FUNSTON.....	Isabel Lynde
DEWEY.....	Helen Kempton
SMALL BOY.....	Avis Putnam

FILIPINO MEN		
Marion Cuthbert	Lydia Moore	Grace Welden
Alice Matless	Margaret Thurston	
FILIPINO WOMEN		
Dorothy Arnold	Alice Bartlett	Mary Holland
Isabel Ashwell	Elizabeth Goodrich	
	Ella Powel	

SAILORS		
Theodora Bates	Anne Greene	Margaret Fulton
Margaret Bates	Eleanor Little	Edith Longstreth
Avis Putnam		Margaret Hall

BRYN MAWR GIRLS		
Leader, Alice Eleanor Mason		
ATHLETIC GIRLS		GRINDS
SOCIETY GIRLS	Carla Denison	Josephine Brady
Florence Craig	Louise Marshall	Clara Herrick
Frederica Le Fevre	Frances E. Mason	Alice Meigs
Gladys Seligman		

PROCTERS		
Anna Hill	Helen Taylor	Elma Loines
Natalie Fairbank	Margaret Nichols	

MERMAIDS		
Emily Blodgett	Gladys King	Alice Jaynes
Katharine Fowler	Theodora Richards	

ORCHESTRA		
Leader, Alice Day		
Janet Thornton	Frances Hubbard	Mabel Austin
Stage Manager, Leslie Farwell		

The Freshman Play

"No class is a class until it has had a show." These were the words which rang in our ears for the first two months of college life. In fact from the middle of October until the great date, November 15, we all waked, slept and worked with one idea only—The Freshman Play.

The writing of it was the first question. A plot competition was organized and the unfortunate winners were requested to hand in the play completed, *immediately*. It was finished after two days and nights of unceasing toil, and the three perpetrators, pale and haggard, tottered to the Committee's room one Sunday evening and read the libretto aloud in a trembling voice, interpolating songs in a wavering falsetto.

The next question was scenery. With a confidence born of a lack of experience, these three members of the Class offered to deliver at the Gym, within a certain date,

item—one pathless forest in the Philippines,
item—one battleship *Olympia*,
item—one Bryn Mawr study.

Serene in their absolute ignorance, they began the task upon wallpaper with house paint. The wretched toil lasted day and night for over a week. At last when the scenery was done, carried to the Gym and set up, it immediately fell into shreds, being thoroughly soaked with oil. The miserable disheartened painters nearly burst into tears from combined fatigue and mortification, but Helen Sturgis with practical genius set the Class to work to paste it on to strips of muslin, soothed the agony of the artists, and made all well again.

Leslie Farwell stage-managed the play, and a difficult task it was to discipline, and keep cheerful, forty-odd people, who had not yet had the leavening influence of college life to render them chronically amiable. Rehearsals were many, excitement was intense, and upon the glorious night every Freshman heart beat in thumps and bounds.

The Sophomores came early, and soon were hand-clapping and foot-stamping with impatience. When the curtain finally rose it was upon the afore-mentioned pathless

forest, where a fierce band of Filipino maidens and warriors capered to the tune of the "Oriental Love Song." They were led by their doughty chief, Aguinaldo, effectively though inadequately attired in a brown union suit over which hung, in a lamp-shade-like manner, a skirt of corn husks. Funston, in his would-be tight-fitting blue uniform, added a still more war-like air to this scene, upon which the Bryn Mawr Grinds and Athletes, led by the dainty Society Maids burst as a striking contrast. The fairy-like enchantment of the glittering Mermaids dance, with Florence Craig's clear voice singing its plaintive song, hardly prepared the audience for the burlesque second act to follow, where plump little Dewey fumed up and down the decks of the *Olympia*, and where the sailors bustled about amid coils of nautical-looking rope.

But the last scene, back in the old familiar study, is almost dearest to our hearts. There surely never were two more pathetic figures than Funston and Aguinaldo, towels about their heads, miserably cramming for one of those good old-fashioned quizzes. The marvelous way in which the Filipino chief's gown hung over his corn-bedecked garments was a triumph, and his shaggy black hair hanging in his eyes completed the absurdity of his appearance. A noisy Freshman fudge party soon relieved the agony of the cramming process, and this in its turn was abruptly ended by the entrance of the dreaded "Procter Band." Each pun was heartily appreciated by the enthusiastic audience, and when finally the Small Boy asked them plainly, "Do you like our play?" the applause, the cheers, the armfuls of gorgeous flowers, was more than the most eager of us could have desired.

When the next evening was nearly over, and we had all danced our fill, after the merry little jester had led us through many an intricate German figure, 1904, a motley and picturesque throng in all its gayly colored costumes, gathered on one side of the Gym, and called for each play stunt all over again. Then once more could Aguinaldo groan, "I'm tired," once more the sailors capered about, and once again we sang our "Green, Green, Green."

Countless are the times we have sung those songs since then. Many and many a time, now that "Freshman days are far" do we look back on those thrilling days, and go over every foolish word, each futile pun in all that merry show. For after all, although later productions have been more finished, more literary, more elegant, this was our first, our dearest and best loved show. It was the first time we all came together and acted as one class, and that evening, as never before, we all felt the positive throb and ache of loyalty for that great, glorious existence—1905.

FRANCES ELEANOR MASON.
ISABEL ADAIR LYNDE.



From January 27 to February 9, the Class of 1905 suffered a temporary eclipse, finally, however, emerging from the darkness still whole, though scarred.

"A Proposal Under Difficulties"

On the evening of February 15, 1905 entertained its "half breeds," down in the Gym, with a short play, called "A Proposal Under Difficulties." Helen Sturgis and Carla Denison, rival heroes, sued the hand of Frederica Le Fevre, the charming heroine—while Avis Putnam bustled 'round the stage in the rôle of a trim little parlor maid. This play was stage-managed by Leslie Farwell.

Boyd vs. McManus

On the evening of March 13, a large and enthusiastic body of spectators appeared in the Chapel to witness the trial of the case enjoined between Lydia Paxton Boyd, plaintiff, and Caroline Esther McManus, defendant.

The first sensation of the evening was caused by the appearance of the reporters in their gallery, to the left of the Judges' seats. These, wonderfully garbed and labeled in large letters, represented *Town Topics*, the *North American*, and last but by no means least, our cherished *Fortnightly Philistine*.

At the entrance of the Judges the audience rose respectfully—that is, as much of the audience as had been present at rehearsals and knew it ought to rise—and the proclamation was impressively made by the Clerk, Miss Douglas, in a rich Irish brogue. Proceedings had been going on but a few minutes, when the Clerk, in stentorian tones announced that "All hats should be removed in the audience." Then, fixing her glassy eye on the corner where a derby ornamented an unmistakably feminine head, she motioned to the Sheriff, who by means of his baton, quickly removed the objectionable article of wearing apparel.

Assistant Justice Congdon then proceeded with his interrupted task of swearing in the jury. This done, Miss Rotan, the counsel for the plaintiff, rose to make her opening speech. This she did with such fire and eloquence that the jury was quite carried off its feet. The cross-examination of witnesses followed. Miss Boyd, the plaintiff, in the course of her evidence took occasion to quote the following poem, attributed to Words-

worth which we here repeat, since it may not be as familiar to our readers as it deserves to be:

ODE TO THE FRISKY 'BUS HORSE.

Oh, frisky, frisky 'bus horse
That frisketh o'er the lea;
I prithee, frisky 'bus horse,
Come frisk a while with me.

Towards the close of her statement of the facts in the case, a sensation was caused by the entrance of the Dog, the horror of whose ferocious plastic countenance was somewhat offset by the size of the chains whereby he was fastened.

The evidence given by Mr. Willie Trotter Wattson, Dr. Cornelius Quackus Campbell, the plaintiff's attendant physician, Mr. Moyard, the constable of Denbigh, and Mrs. O'Flaharity, the defendant's washerwoman, all seemed to point towards the guilt of the defendant in maintaining a public nuisance on her premises.

Miss Meigs, the lawyer for the defendant, then arose, and in a few calm, collected words spoke ably in her client's behalf. Mrs. McManus was then called to the witness stand. A deadlock ensued, because the defendant, defining herself as a lady, refused to swear. Her scruples were finally overcome, however, the oath was administered, and she proceeded to give her evidence. The three following witnesses testified to the truth of her statement that the plaintiff had tried to steal her dog Rip—Preserved Brayton, Fairy Montague and Mrs. Johnson, the Denbigh colored cook. Miss Dorothy Dudley would undoubtedly have done the same, but owing to the fact that she was a Freshman, Miss Rotan objected to her being sworn, on the ground that she was too young to know the nature of an oath, and the objection was sustained by Chief Justice Ashley.

A summary of the evidence in favor of each client was then given by the counsels. Miss Meigs, overcome by her own eloquence, broke down at one point, but manfully regained her self-control and proceeded. Just before the jury adjourned, the Dog, apparently in an uncontrollable passion at the way things were going, took occasion to fall on his head and break. This fact, added to the eloquence of the lawyers and the wonderful evidence of the witnesses, apparently upset the jury, for in bringing in the verdict they absent-mindedly forgot the case in question and decided for the New Library Building, a fine of \$230,000 to be paid by Mr. John D. Rockefeller, and the cost of the action to be paid by the Trustees of the College.—*The Fortnightly Philistine.*





Of the Denbigh Fire

Being Seniors we must needs have heard a good deal about what seems to be the peculiar characteristic of a college light, the light of learning, and of truth, light, the guide and aim of Bryn Mawr life. But of all the lights which ever gleamed on our well-loved campus, surely the Denbigh fire was the strongest and brightest. In common with other lights, it was not only an illumination, it also illuminated, and in what it illuminated this light was peculiar.

For despite the quality of infinite variety with which even novelty-proof Seniors delight to invest the College, there never were stranger sights upon the campus than were made visible by the red blaze of Denbigh. It is possible, I think, without the suspicion of improper curiosity, for the uninitiated to have a scientific interest in the mechanism of feminine apparel. From this point of view the variously garbed figures which flitted in and out of the lurid spaces of fire-light, may be regarded as so many specimens of the stages of development of a woman's toilet. Scientifically classified, these specimens might be divided into the groups of—

I. The embryonic stage:

Characteristic phenomena—kimonos, worsted slippers, and plaited hair. Tendency of this class to fade into other halls, and borrowed attire.

II. The arrested stage:

Characteristic phenomena—bloomers, college gowns, long coats. Tendency of this class—to great activity, and a manifestation of the spirit of the new woman.

III. The highly developed stage:

Characteristic phenomena—evening gowns, and high-heeled slippers. Tendency of this class—to make for shelter, a manifestation of the spirit of clothes-preservation.

So the Denbigh fire was a light unto science when it made visible the students, on the night of March 16.

But this memorable night has formed an epoch in the history of the College in another than a scientific sense. It stands out as a land-mark in the material progress of the College.

For since the Denbigh fire, the lambent glow of the students lamps has been replaced by the brilliant sparkle of electricity; the sociable purr of the teakettle has been banished to the pantry, and the consumption of wood alcohol has fallen off in the land. It is owing to the Denbigh fire that we have our well-hidden power house, and the attendant battalion of thermostats. And it is directly owing to this same cause that we, of the Class of 1905, have seen Rockefeller and the Library come into being.

We have said farewell to the days when there survived in the College a reminiscence of its early severity and simplicity, and have witnessed the beginning of the days of modern improvements.

ESTHER LOWENTHAL.



Our Vaudeville to 1905

If asked to name the worst thing we ever did in our lives, O 1905 it wouldn't take us long to name the "polite vaudeville" we gave 1903, the evening of April 25, 1902, would it? It is gratifying to be allowed to write about it, for I am privileged to state it was the worst managed thing imaginable.

It was no fault of the management, be it said, that Zara did not writhe among her serpents with her accustomed snake-charming grace. It was simply due to the fact that Zara's head had been badly bitten in basketball practice that morning. Moreover, the management was not responsible for the terrifying way that old stage shook and shivered under the Hohenstaufen's merry wooden shoes.

That illustrious German family pounded most gallantly through the mazes of their "characteristic dance," but, oh! when the Astor family made its appearance, the two ladies of the party diaphanously garbed in airy lamp-shade effects, the gentlemen in neat white flannels! The dance went off as well as usual, but there were for this renowned family long minutes of misery, about what they didn't know of a song they were to sing to 1903 after they had danced themselves quite breathless.

What point 1903 could have seen in "The School of Realistic Reading," also part of this glorious performance, we hate to think. Do you remember Nan Hill as the Dutch boy, heroically illustrating how dykes were saved by the simple little process of sticking her thumb through a hole in a bit of board? Mary Spencer was a magnificent lunatic; and Goffe in a dress suit rendered daintily "Wake Me Early, Mother Dear." Bess Goodrich and Josephine Brady manifested sweetly unaffected girlishness in "Maud Muller" and "The Little Old Red Shawl." Goze did some frantic "Excelsior" work before she went out in front of the curtain to do caricatures and help Leslie, who was showman, in filling up the unconscionably long waits between horrors. There was more of the "Realistic Reading." Alice Day "rendered charmingly" a little music, entitled "Musk." Lit had something to do with "Ring Out the Old, Ring in the New" and Emily Blodgett gave Shakespeare in some strangely altered form. Helen Garrett's prayers to forget what she did, have been answered. Dudley was head of the school.

When we had really "finished long ago," at least had finished 1903, we concluded the performance with a cakewalk as orderly and well-managed as the rest of the glorious occasion.

My, but I'm glad they gave me a chance to say what I deserved for that night, and did not make me submit to judgment by my peers!

E. FREDERICA LE FEVRE.

On the evening of April 8, the Annual Concert by the Glee and Mandolin Clubs was given in the Gymnasium. Martha White, the leader of the club, conducted, and the concert went off with great success.

*

On April 25, the ladies of Summit Grove challenged the ladies of the Campus to a basketball game. Summit's costumes were white blouses adorned with skull and cross-bones, and dark blue skirts. The ladies of the Campus, though less gorgeously attired, made up for this deficiency by the enthusiasm of their cheer—

Hear us roaring like a Grampus:
We're the ladies of the Campus.

Score, 3-0, in favor of the Campus.

On Friday evening, May 2, the Glee Club gave a second concert, the proceeds of which were given to the fund which the Undergraduates had pledged themselves to raise. Unlike the first concert, Miss Barry, the trainer of the Glee Club, conducted.



Freshman Basketball

TUESDAY, MAY 6.

1904	vs.	1905
h., Swindell		g., F. E. Mason
r. f., Van Wagenen		l. b., A. E. Mason
l. f., White		r. b., Jaynes
c. c., Pfaff		c. c., Denison
r. c., Woods		l. c., Kempton
l. c., Case		r. c., Meigs
g., McCormick		h., Marshall
r. b., Dudley		l. f., Spencer
l. b., Kellen		r. f., Day

1904: 3—Swindell, one throw from field, one free throw.

1905: 0.

THURSDAY, MAY 8.

1904	vs.	1905
h., Swindell		g., F. E. Mason
r. f., Van Wagenen		l. b., A. E. Mason
l. f., White		r. b. Jaynes
c. c., Pfaff		c. c., Meigs
r. c., Woods		l. c., Kempton
l. c., Case		r. c., Lynde
g., Dudley		h., Day
r. b., Kellen		l. f., Marshall
l. b., McCormick		r. f., Denison

1904: 5—Swindell five free throws.

1905: 10—Denison, two throws from field; Day, one throw from field,
2 free throws; Marshall, one throw from field.



SATURDAY, MAY 10.

1904

vs.

1905

h., Swindell
r. f., Van Wagenen
l. f., White
c. c., Pfaff
r. c., Woods
l. c., Case
g., Criswell
r. b., McCormick
l. b., Dudley

g., F. E. Mason
l. b., A. E. Mason
r. b., Jaynes
c. c., Meigs
l. c., Kempton
r. c., Lynde
h., Day
l. f., Marshall
r. f., Denison

1904: 4—Van Wagenen, 1; Swindell, 2.

1905: 2—Day, 2 free throws.

From the Point of View of a Player

There are many situations in our college life which seem tragic enough at the time, and which take on later an exceptionally comic aspect. But even though we look back on our Freshman basketball season through our three years' experience of these ups and downs, we find it rather lacking in that humorous tone we 1905 like to give our reminiscences.

Of course there were funny incidents—as the frenzy to make the team, evinced by a stately person in our class. There were undoubtedly flashes of humor, as when one of our opponents swallowed her gum in a match game, and when Carla announced in a loud and child-like fashion, after each forward had scored on that day of joy, "One apiece, girls! one apiece!" and fell to dancing 'round McCormick like an animated cub. But we took it all so seriously. Our youthful enthusiasm made us try so hard. And, since all the College had praised our basketball material, we were filled with exuberance of ambition. To be sure, we had never beaten the Seniors but once in all our practice, yet

it seems to me we used to hear of 1901's championship in its Freshman year with a very personal thrill of interest. And, as for being knocked out in the preliminaries, our Freshman intensity and high hopes never let us really consider it for an instant.

We all had spring fever from former untempered feasting and midnight converse; overdoses of that health-giving extract, Hoff's Malt, had deprived us, for the time of appetite, and from May 1 on we were out of breath from the dreadful hammering of our hearts, yet each person's whole being was thrilled with stern resolve as we ran awkwardly on the field in the first game. I do not believe anyone remembers just what happened during those forty minutes. But in the end we found ourselves cheering in a dazed way for victorious 1904. And we flocked quickly up the hill murmuring incoherencies about "bad team-play," "still another chance," and "being sports."

Then came that day of glory, when in the second half we began at last to score. Once started, the acme of enthusiasm seized us, and we played like mad. Our joy for one day was boundless. But we tried religiously to curb its outward signs on account of superstition and dire prophecies of changed luck through carelessness or overconfidence. Then there was a bad evening of discussion about the date of the next game, which made everyone dissatisfied and disturbed. But still we inspired each other as before, and the last Saturday afternoon saw us running on the field with the same enthusiasm, so we thought as in the previous game. When the first half was over we were two points behind. We were too anxious and excited to relax and be rubbed or daubed with water. We wandered around blindly urging each other on, and tried to feel hopeful when Miss Ritchie told us we had not been doing our best. We ran on again determined upon a brilliant effort. But the ball was whisked down to the other end, and when it was finally hurled out by the guards, we forwards, after a series of wild throws, ended by losing it to the centers. The last few minutes seemed ages long because of the spirit we were straining to keep up, and yet, oh so short, because we were behind, and the time keeper was standing up with the watch in her hand. The whistle blew, and we were beaten.

We cheered, and then stood still in a group, stupefied by our disappointment, and what we considered then our disgrace. Miss Ritchie said some nice things to us, and then we remembered about keeping up appearances, and started up the hill trying to eke out a few songs. We filed up to Pembroke, and crowded into a certain room to decide what to do. Some of us vouchsafed funny stories that seemed astonishingly flat. Finally, having agreed upon marching through the halls cheering, we regained some sprightliness with a purpose in view. And all our eighteen began on Pembroke dining-room, astonishing everyone by our uncouth appearance, as we walked in lockstep, and relieved our feelings by a shrill rendering of such impromptu songs, as "Here's to 1904 and their Captain

Eleanor, drink them down!" After we had made the rounds of all the campus halls, we ran, a straggling crew, across lots to Summit Grove to cheer the Sophomores there.

Later we had an impromptu supper in a room in Merion, for which kind Juniors sent us ice cream. And then, still in our gym suits, with disheveled hair, and with more shadow than light upon our faces, we went up in the gallery of the Gym, to gaze down at the Junior-Senior supper. Of course, we were keenly interested, but every now and then we forgot to watch and looked at each other, muttering fierce regrets, and almost tired of trying to seem cheerful. I do not believe any one of us was at all popular with herself that night. And after we had gone our ways to our respective halls, each one spent some time dwelling on what she herself might have done to save the day. And then at last she fell asleep, to dream perhaps—oh, irony of fate—of a red banner floating from the the Gym.

LOUISE CHAPIN MARSHALL.





The Freshman Class Supper

MAY 16, 1902.

My timid little Freshman heart beat with excitement and yet throbbed with a new pride such as it had never experienced before, as my voice quavering with the melodious notes of our "Rush Song," I marched along in the festive procession which was gayly filing into the banqueting hall of Pembroke. When we were seated and had admired the splendid decorations, the priceless plate and china, and the dusky attendants, who glided noiselessly about, substituting one dainty viand for another, the toast-mistress, Miss Mason arose and opened the events of the evening with a witty speech. As she spoke I could not help glancing towards the breathless, countless, pushing, pulsating mob which stood in the doorway and out in the hall as far as the eye could reach. How glad I was to see them there and know they would hear the fame of the 1905 Freshman Class Supper through the furthestmost corners of the College and down to future Classes and posterity.

The first toast of the evening was given by Miss Marshall. When she arose from her seat it seemed for a minute as if the banquet was fated to be broken up, such enthusiasm greeted the slender little figure! How the cheers and huzzas drowned the musical voice of the Basketball Captain as she spoke of the sport in which she so far surpassed all others. The most hopeless player in the room felt inspired to throw winning goals in a match game the next year. After the applause had died away the Toastmistress introduced Miss King, who in eloquent words which stirred every soul, pictured the experiences of the first month of our college life. Miss Havemeyer was the next speaker. Proudly and resolutely she stood before the vast assemblage and in ringing sentences gave that ill-fated game of hockey, cut off in its primeval innocence by the deadly Denbigh fire, a dignity which foreshadowed its future fame. And under the skillful treatment of the "Madonna-faced Miss Meigs," who gave us a realistic presentation of the College rooms and institutions, we were induced to see romanticism even in a humble Bryn Mawr centipede. At this moment Miss Marshall arose on earnest request, and putting her whole heart into the passionate and never-to-be-forgotten words of "There are eyes of blue," brought tears to many eyes. The gloom of the situation was relieved by a cakewalk performed by Miss McEwen and Miss Kempton with remarkable agility and grace. One of the most

amusing incidents of the evening was an impromptu by Miss T. Bates on the subject of "Crushes." It was considered a very realistic speech, taking into consideration the fact that Miss Bates had always eschewed such boarding-school propensities. Miss Le Fevre and Miss Dudley both spoke wittily about our relations to other classes, and Miss Goffe gave a vivid picture of the pleasures and horrors of Summit Grove and the excitement of the daily wild gallop to chapel in a college 'bus. An enthusiastic audience clamored for the songs and dances from the famous "Borumora" and Miss Mason, to the great delight of all, repeated her inimitable operatic snatch from Aguinaldo's repertoire, "I'm tired."

The last toast of the evening was given by Miss Farwell on "Our Class." As every girl stood up, and with one foot on the table drank to 1905, *who* did not regret the careless, happy Freshman year behind her, and the end of the first Class Supper?

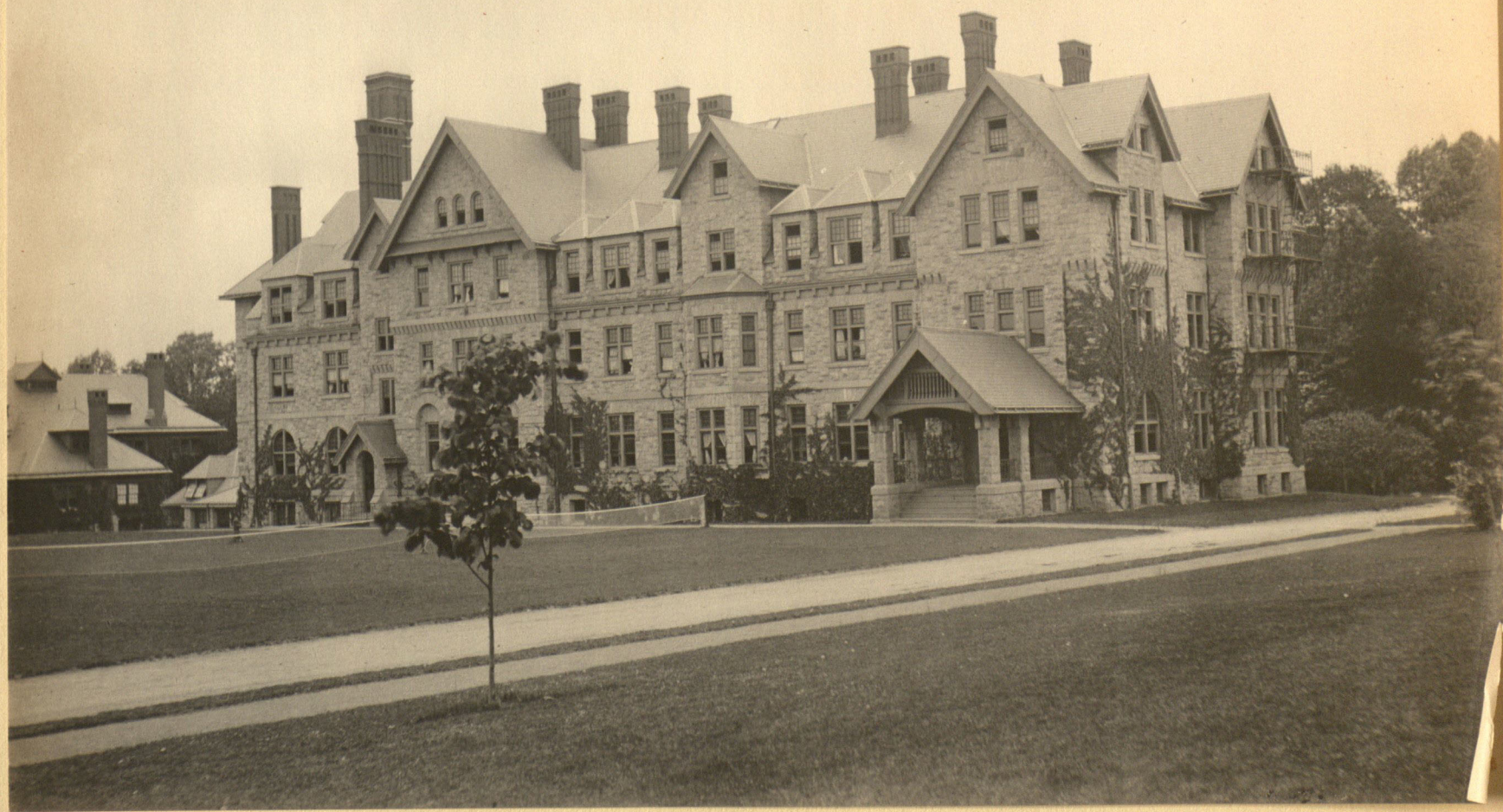
ELIZABETH P. HENRY.

Early Friday morning, May 30, 1905 looking most imposing in their caps and gowns marched down to the station to meet the sub-Freshmen. They greeted them with a song, and many daisies—such a useful gift, bye the bye!—and in all the importance of their superior years, accompanied the bewildered infants to the Gym, where the examinations were to be held.





Sophomore Year



Class Officers

President—ISABEL ADAIR LYNDE.

Vice-President and Treasurer—HELEN RUTGERS STURGIS.

Secretary—ANNA MARY HILL.

Offices Held by the Class

Christian Union—MARGARET S. OTHEMAN.

Students' Association for Self-Government—Advisory Board.

MARGUERITE ARMSTRONG.

ISABEL ADAIR LYNDE.

Undergraduate Association—Assistant Treasurer, HELEN R. STURGIS.

Athletic Association—Vice-President and Treasurer, CARLA DENISON.

College Settlement—Elector, E. FREDERICA LEFEVRE.

Glee Club—Business Manager, ISABEL ADAIR LYNDE.

Fortnightly Philistine—Editors.

F. ELEANOR MASON.

DOROTHY DUDLEY.

De Rebus Club—AVIS PUTNAM.

Basketball Team—Captain, LOUISE C. MARSHALL.

Hockey Team—Captain, ADALINE HAVEMEYER.

Our Rush to 1906



HAT is more exhilarating than a feeling of superiority? 1905 had its first taste of this, when, as one girl, it went to read to the Freshman Class the rules it had drawn up for their benefit. We hadn't the slightest intention of analyzing the psychological effect of this reading on our audience,—we were still too young for anything so subtle—we simply wanted to impress 1906 with the all-important fact that we were beings of a higher order than they, moulded out of finer clay, and, therefore, amply qualified to guide their inexperienced youth. Incidentally, at these readings we liked to see them squirm—it was such a delicate tribute to our powers.

Deprived of the joys of piling up Freshmen's trunks in the corridors, and hanging over the banisters to pour a trickling stream of limpid water on the heads of the interlopers, both of which pastimes were among the most cherished remembrances of the Rush 1904 had given us, we were obliged to put our wits together, lest 1906 miss some of the fun that the first night of college offers. We found to our great delight, that owing to their many and scattered class meetings, all of them well patronized by a 1905 contingent, by the way—the Freshmen had at least six temporary chairmen. “Truly a well-equipped class,” quoth 1905, and used the little incident later on.

On the night of the rush, the campus swarmed with energetic Sophomores in red gym skirts and blouses. Grim, determined Freshmen scuttled away to form their line of march in the dark void below Radnor, whence they emerged to the strains of a song unequalled for youthful egotism. We were duly informed that though there had been five classes in college, yet

“1906 was the best by far,
That ever came to old Bryn Mawr.”

They went through Radnor first where several handsome signs, evidences of a very pretty wit, instructed them where to go and how to behave. Accompanied by a howling rabble of 1905, they reached Merion. There a remarkable sight met their eyes. Some energetic Sophomores, on hearing of the six chairmen, had proceeded to model a half dozen beautiful creatures who were placed in easy chairs in the front hall of Merion. Strange to relate, while the chairmen had evidently never been more comfortable, the Freshmen grinned quite sheepishly and hurried on.

Denbigh was as black as it could be made, with only here and there a fitful lamp which enhanced, rather than dispelled, the gloom. The hall was filled with weird and awful shapes that pointed out the path the procession was to tread and accompanied their beckonings with low groans. Once out of Denbigh, it is needless to add, the poor young things welcomed the very human hoots of the Sophomores with evident relief, looking upon the unquestionably substantial figures of 1905 *outside* Denbigh, with the first outward show of friendship.

By the time they reached Pembroke they were sure their eyes deceived them; somehow or other, those wonderful beings, the Sophomores, who really could do anything, had managed to turn themselves literally inside out for the benefit of the new arrivals—an acrobatic feat that had never before been accomplished.

When Pembroke had finally been inspected, all gathered in the arch where the usual singing and cheering took place. We had a feeling that we had done what we could to give 1906 a fair start, even if we had been obliged to forego certain strenuous pleasures that make upper classmen shriek, "No personal violence!" Above all, we were glad to be reunited after the summer's separation, glad to be larking together again, and glad to be so happily started on our second year of glorious college life.

ELIZABETH GOODRICH.





Our Sophomore Play

Trelawny of the Wells

Theatrical Folk:

TOM WRENCH	<i>Nathalie Fairbank</i>
FERDINAND GADD	<i>Helen A. Garret</i>
JAMES TELFER	<i>Isabel A. Lynde</i>
AUGUSTUS COLPOYS	<i>Caroline N. E. Morrow</i>
ROSE TRELAWNY	<i>Alice Eleanor Mason</i>
AVONIA BUNN	<i>Josephine E. Brady</i>
MRS. TELFER	<i>Adaline Havemeyer</i>
IMOGEN PARROTT	<i>Florence C. Craig</i>
O'DWYER	<i>Helen P. Kempton</i>
MR. DENZIL	<i>Margaret Thayer</i>

Non-Theatrical Folk:

VICE CHANCELLOR SIR WILLIAM GOWER, KT.	<i>Anne D. Greene</i>
ARTHUR GOWER	<i>Frederica Le Fevre</i>
CLARA DE FOENIX	<i>Avis Putnam</i>
MISS TRAFALGAR GOWER	<i>Maby Parks</i>
CAPTAIN DE FOENIX	<i>Alice M. Day</i>
MRS. MOSSOP	<i>Elizabeth Goodrich</i>
MR. ABLET	<i>Margaret G. Thurston</i>
CHARLES	<i>Helen H. Jackson</i>
STAGE MANAGER	<i>Leslie Farwell</i>
PROMPTER	<i>Anna Hill</i>

The remarkable features of our Sophomore play, "Trelawny of the Wells," began to show themselves in the spring of our Freshman year, when, in choosing the cast, we instituted the trial by jury. The committee, who had selected the play, invited each member of the class to appear before them in any or every rôle, with the understanding that the parts would be assigned to the most capable. By a strange coincidence, when the trials were over, every one of the committee found herself a prominent character in the cast. Accidents will happen!

The following summer the actresses devoted to continual practice of their lines, but the autumn saw them as badly prepared as possible. Although all were anxious to learn, the whole month of October was spent in desperate effort to accustom hero to heroine, and both to an audience.

On the twenty-fourth of October, the Class of 1905 was thoroughly excited and the cast was almost frantic. When it came time for the dress rehearsal, the ladies could not adjust their hoop skirts, nor the gentlemen their whiskers. A supper in the stage manager's room, however, revived their spirits, and by eight o'clock all were crowded behind the curtain, anxious to appear.

Beyond the stage and the green room (irreverently called the swimming pool), the Freshmen were cheering the cast individually. Each actress, as she heard her name called, felt the fire of dramatic genius in her veins. Although our guests were clapping and moving chairs, such noises were deadened by the sound of a vigorous hammer behind the curtain, where the property manager was struggling with woodwork and furniture. More cheering, a bell, a hush, and the curtain rose! If the players of Wells Theatre saw only a mass of pale faces outlined by the dark beyond, the audience had a more cheerful view of a feast at Mrs. Telfer's, where her actor friends were toasting Rose Trelawny.

When the curtain fell upon the pretty scene, our enthusiastic Freshmen sang lustily:

"O give us that over once more, once more, encore! Encore!
There never has been such a bully play before, before."

We began to agree with them. In spite of the fact that the new stage had robbed us of the ghostly presence of Mephistopheles, Lady Teazle and the Three Bears, we felt that the spirit of our predecessors was leading us onward to success. When the last word had been said to unite Rose with her despairing lover, and the cast, piled round with flowers was singing, "Our Gracious Inspiration," there glowed in all of us a feeling of intense loyalty—for our class and college. Perhaps even we were worthy of our Juniors. More we could not wish for.

Next morning in Chapel President Thomas said that in a comparison between our Sophomore play and the London performance which she had lately seen, our Trelawny could hold its own, thanks to the graceful art of the heroine. When *The Philistine* came out the following week, he too, sang our praises with his dramatic swan song:

"In the presence of so much talent *The Philistine* is in a flutter of excitement and admiration. He had a very distinct 'Never-had-such-a-good-time-in-my-life-before' feeling at 'Trelawny of the Wells' last Friday. *The Philistine* wishes to extend to '05 his most enthusiastic congratulations."

While our laurels were still fresh, we invited our guests of the previous evening to a fancy dress ball in the gym. Arthur Gower had gained such vigor from his renewed happiness, that he was able to lead the German in a masterly way. It was fascinating to

watch the happy mingling of cowboy, Jap, devil and hermit, as they swung through the mazes of the Virginia reel, waving the favors with which a monk supplied them.

The Senior, now after a lapse of years, cherishes tenderly a programme over which a red horse is prancing on gold ground. Occasionally when reminiscence holds her, she counts again a string of beads, a paper parasol, a china shellfish, which represent the figures she danced with a Freshman friend, before she became an upper classman. These trophies belong to the Golden Age, when 1905 gave 1906 a play, and a dance, to the eternal gratification and satisfaction of 1905.

ANNE D. GREENE.

On the evening of November 4, 1905, with the usual impressive ceremony, presented 1906 with their lanterns, after which the college adjourned to Pembroke Arch to sing class and college songs.

On November 6, 8 and 11 the Bryn Mawr Varsity hockey team played a series of games with the Merion Cricket Club. The results were as follows:

November 6 —Merion, 0
Bryn Mawr, 2
November 8 —Merion, 2
Bryn Mawr, 0
November 11—Merion, 0
Bryn Mawr, 3

The members of the Varsity Team were L. Marshall, '05; H. Kempton, '05; H. Raymond, '03 (Captain); D. Day, '03; L. Lombardi, '04; C. Denison, '05; C. C. Case, '04; E. Harrington, '06; J. M. Peters, '04; H. W. Smith, '06; Subs who played were H. Sturgis, '05; A. Havemeyer, '05; G. Fetterman, '03.

Beginning on Thursday, November 13, the match games of hockey for the college championship were played with the following result:

1905-2; 1906-3	} Preliminaries
1905-5; 1906-0	
1905-4; 1906-0	
1903-2; 1905-3	} Finals
1903-1; 1905-3	

The first series of championship games in hockey ever played at Bryn Mawr was won by the Class of 1905.



View of the main building from the south lawn, 1900.

The Play the Freshmen Gave Us

It was 1905's luck to be the recipients of the last good old-time Freshman play, and sorry we all were to see die out a custom so potent to help the Freshman class find itself, to discover all its original artistic and musical genius, its wit, its grace and beauty, and to develop in it that proper love for college and devotion to the upper classes. Where was thenceforth to come the inspiration for such ardent songs as:

"Bryn Mawr, for you we're sighing,
Our hearts are crying,
With love undying;
Into your arms we're flying,
For we need you, Bryn Mawr; 'deed we do!"

And that chorus dear to the hearts of 1905:

"Here's to the Class of 1905!
May they forever live and thrive.
Oh, may we see them frown no more,
For we them all adore.
We have been very fresh, we know,
But we no longer will be so,
Merciful and powerful is 1905."

The first of these was sung by three fair princesses from the Far North and East who, chafing against the restrictions of their own lands, came to lay their woes before Teddy Roosevelt. Teddy, with an eye to the gallery, as ever, promptly advised them to forget their troubles in the strenuous life at Bryn Mawr.

The princesses found their life at Bryn Mawr very strenuous indeed, and if they did forget their former woes it was only because they got into so much fresh trouble they had no time to think about them. These troubles were depicted with a realism suggestive of intimate knowledge, and it is undoubtedly true that P. Green, the Freshman, felt peculiar sympathy with the contrite princesses, as the rules were once more read over their bowed heads, and they were solemnly adjured:

1. Always to go through the keyhole, because opening and shutting the doors might disturb Sophomores who were studying.
2. Always to attend lectures, that Sophomores might copy their notes, etc. (The rules seemed to have a familiar sound, I remember.)

In the midst of things a great commotion was heard, and the long, limp figure of Prince Henry, still royal, though dangling, was borne in on the arms of two sturdy police. Oh, ye Rockefeller ditches!

The next night the moon shone intermittently through Pembroke Arch, and all the campus was festooned with flowers and lanterns. Prince Henry, his noble forehead bandaged, reclined, pale and interesting, in a chair, while eager maidens served him and danced before him. Small wonder that he was charmed by the airy sprightliness, now tripping, now poising, of the Butterfly Maidens, the gay fling of the Gypsy dance, and the rhythmic grace of the white-robed Grecian Maidens, as they swung their hoops of flowers. It was in appreciation of all this, and as a crowning favor, that he plead for mercy toward the unfortunate Princesses, who having again broken the rules, now throw themselves at his feet begging his intercession. The request granted, all rise with ardor to sing to the everlasting glory of Bryn Mawr.

We all felt that 1906 "ought to have a tablet in the Hall of Fame."

FRANCES HUBBARD.



“Everyman”

Many and various have been the dramatic entertainments we have seen upon the abridged stage of the gymnasium. “David Garrick,” “Darcy of the Guards,” “The Good-natured Man,” and a score of others have been presented with all the ardor of youthful enthusiasm and endeavor. But of all the plays given in our day, one, I think, will always stand out in our memories with especial significance, unique by law of contrast. That is the morality play, “Everyman,” given by the Ben Greet Company, on December 12, 1902.

The gymnasium, veiled in semi-darkness, save for the bright points of light from the candles of the chancel at the front, prepared us somewhat for the solemn performance about to follow. From the *rear*, up through our midst, came the tall, cloaked figure of the Messenger, who in the quaint wording of the old dramatist, thus gravely admonished us:

“I pray you all give your audience,
And hear this matter with reverence,
By figure a moral play;
The summoning of Everyman called it is.”

Then we followed with awed attention the last days of “Everyman” that gay youthful Elizabethan who, after spending his life with Good Fellowship, was summoned by impartial Death to his final reckoning. With keen sympathy we saw him forsaken in his hour of need by his former companions, Beauty, Kindred and Goods; with relieved confidence we saw him, chastened by sorrow and penance, bravely commend his spirit to God, supported to the last by his faithful Good Deeds. After his death, the Messenger again spoke, giving the moral of the play, which in spite of its obviousness was impressive because of a certain charm of naivete. As we left the gymnasium we felt that the Ben Greet Company had somehow revived in us that same feeling of awe that an old English audience must have had as they listened to the plays of traveling companies in the halls of the castles.

GERTRUDE HARTMAN.

The second annual trance began January 29, and ended February 10. 1905 discovered that practice in examinations did not make perfect.



Uncle Tom's Cabin

UNCLE TOM.....	<i>Carlos Denizoni</i>
ST. CLAIR	<i>Algernon M. Eigs</i>
LEGREE	<i>Hill N. Carrot</i>
SHELBY	<i>Hill N. Jagson</i>
HALEY.....	<i>More Great Pickles</i>
GEORGE HARRIS	<i>H. Lynn Unkempt One</i>
SAMBO	<i>Mike McGuckin</i>
TOPSY	<i>Miss Fetch Today</i>
ELIZA.....	<i>Miss E. G. Sandwich</i>
OPHELIA	<i>Miss Mulberry Sparks</i>
MARIE ST. CLAIR	<i>Miss Adelleg Havebog</i>
CASMELINE { CASSY EMELINE }	<i>Miss A. Merry Spender</i>
LITTLE EVA.....	<i>Miss L. C. Henrietta</i>

I am sure that could she have seen it, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe would have thrilled with enthusiasm at our performance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It was in the springtime that we decided 1903 must have an entertainment, and that we happily hit upon the small yellow paper covered book which, after considerable alteration, seemed to lend itself to our aspirations. It was an excellent little book, but we improved upon it; as when, for instance, finding the cast too long for us, we cut out all but the memorable characters, or, as in the case of Casmeline, merged two into one.

It is perhaps well to state that the play was meant to be funny. We had all roared over the rehearsals—and they were many—and it was a cruel shock when the audience at the dress rehearsal wept copiously, one of them remarking, "It's the most pathetic thing I ever saw, only it does seem too bad they have such a long girl for little Eva." Between that rehearsal and the evening performance some long-suffering people thought up two or three more funny things to put in, just to show the audience that the play was not a tragedy. Having reached the stage of mental development that comes with Senior year, 1903 understood, and all went well.

Noble Uncle Tom! What a fine figure of a man he was! How strong and yet how tender as he tossed Little Eva into the air with respectful playfulness. What devotion to the child, what faithfulness to the St. Clair's, what earnest endeavor to recall that bad young man, St. Clair himself to the paths of righteousness! Anyone but St. Clair would have been recalled, we feel sure. If there was any moment in the play that might really be called pathetic, it was when Uncle Tom sang "My Old Kentucky Home" in a velvet voice.

Associated with him was little Eva, a rare child, with a golden fleece of curls, a too short skirt, and six feet of infant piety, who won all hearts from the instant she appeared before the footlights. There was not a dry eye in the gymnasium when she sang her swan song just before her death. What a contrast to her was Topsy, who was a limb of Satan, to say the least. Eva finally reformed the reckless little thing, but not until Topsy had shocked everyone by turning unchristianlike somersaults, by singing ribald songs and by being most impertinent to Miss Ophelia, in short, by doing all that a Topsy should do, even to declaring that she was born on a blackberry bush on a very dark night.

Goodness does not always seem to be rewarded, else why should Topsy have escaped and noble Uncle Tom fallen into the clutches of Legree, the ranting brute, who beat the floor with such cruelty, or flogged the chair so unmercifully that Uncle Tom groaned in sympathy—he who starved Uncle Tom with such fiendish ingenuity that he died looking marvelously well-nourished.

It is too bad that there is a space-limit to the discussion of this play. It would be pleasant to tell in detail about Harry the enraged, and Eliza the intrepid, and the bloodhounds on her track; to tell of her thrilling dash across the ice, pursued by the savage beasts—one of whom was with much difficulty and meat coaxed across the stage, while the other refused to appear at all. One could say much of the aristocratic languor of Marie, or praise the *most* sympathetic interpretation of the part of St. Clair by A. M. Eggs; one might speak of Miss Ophelia, Casmeline, Haley, of the "Cold Molasses Special"—since rendered by Dr. Barton so much in Haley's manner as to excite a suspicion of plagiarism—of the "Belle of Avenue A;" one could praise the stage manager's results, or the scene painter's effects, particularly the river of floating ice—but we may not. "Ars longa, vita brevis."

FLORENCE WATERBURY.



"The Belle's Stratagem"

Never shall I forget, so long as I live, the evening of "The Belle's Stratagem!" In the first place, the play itself, a dreary tale of the time of Beau Brummel, was of the greatest prolixity and the least point imaginable, the latter having been expurgated entirely, owing to the necessity of the time and place, so that nothing was left except long dialogues entirely without climax. In the second place no actor had had the forethought to learn his part, and, as *The Philistine* tactfully put it, "The chief rôle was admirably rendered by Miss Leupp, who prompted." Finally, and far from least, there were twelve changes of scene, none of which were necessary, as each was an exact prototype of the last, but all of which the stage manager and hero insisted upon having.

In spite of these facts, however, the evening was one of intense enjoyment to the dramatis personæ, if not to the audience. It was an all-star cast, and 1905, of course, had a great many representatives. One, in especial, who had taken the part of Aguinaldo in the Freshman play, and who had always complained bitterly of the scantiness of her attire, now felt that in the character of a dainty macaroni, she had at last the opportunity of shining forth in raiment more suiting her dignity. Accordingly when she strutted out upon the stage, resplendent in rose-colored satin, picked out with gold, priceless lace ruffles at her wrists, and a wrought gold snuff box in her hands, her appearance fairly paralyzed the audience with wonder. Alas for Snipe! Elegantly and indolently, she approached a large sofa at the back of the stage and prepared to seat herself thereon, enjoying to the full the sensation she was creating! But as she sat down, the sofa, dumped carelessly by nervous scene shifters, moved backward a quarter of an inch! The back legs went down, our Snipe's legs went up, and we, from behind the scenes heard the terrified whisper, "Gozey! Curly! I'm falling!" We rushed to the rescue, and upheld the sofa with great difficulty for the rest of the scene. The gay little fop still went gallantly on with her dialogue, but it was punctuated by hoarse undertones of "Hold me tight, oh, do hold me tight!" If time and space permitted I might dwell at length upon how our president of self-government, slapped her leg and exclaimed, "If a man marries another man and is in love with a third man," a proceeding which appeared unusual to the audience to say the least—I might tell how our rose-colored dandy and another—a sky-blue dude, having completely forgotten their parts, with magnificent presence of mind put them into their cocked hats and stood side by side, obviously reading them. How the villian, whose Madonna face belied his evil character, having likewise lost the thread of his conversation suddenly stopped short and with a wonderfully life-like intonation exclaimed, "Now what the devil comes next?" to the unending horror of four old ladies who were ensconced in the front row. But my space is limited and I can only conclude that "The Belle's Stratagem" was probably the dreariest spectacle ever presented at Bryn Mawr, but that nevertheless 1905 contrived to extract from it the keenest of pleasure.

ELEANOR MASON.

After the heart-breaking defeat of the year before, 1905 entered the match games of their Sophomore year with chastened spirits, though with great resolution. The result of the games was more than satisfactory, and when 1905 hung their red flag upon the gym they not only felt the joy and delight of the victory, but also that they had expiated to their captain what they considered as the disgrace of the year before.

The team was as follows:

A. M. DAY
L. MARSHALL
C. DENISON
A. KEMPTON
M. THURSTON
J. BRADY
A. D. JAYNES
I. A. LYNDE
F. E. MASON

Scores:

1903 *vs.* 1905..4-7
1903 *vs.* 1905..4-12
1905 *vs.* 1906..2-8
1905 *vs.* 1906..5-2
1905 *vs.* 1906..9-8





The Olympic Games

What member of the Class of 1905 will ever forget that last, most merry "spree with 1903," the Olympian Games! On a glorious May afternoon we assembled back of Merion, and presently pelted down the Gulf road, following our '03 leaders, like the Pied Piper's children on their joyful dance. Oh, such a heavenly day as it was—sunny, and warm and full of spring perfumes. The red and green gym suits fairly twinkled in the sunlight; and when at last the race down the hill ended in the big field at the cross roads, and the willows stood there all fresh and feathery, and the brook rushed through the grass, and more green gym suits flitted about, and the Olympian Games were announced—it was all too perfect.

But there was no time to stand and look, scarcely even to notice the traces of Greek customs in the curiously lettered signs, and in the fillets about the track manager's brows. We were quickly enlisted in the contests. In one shady spot was the peanut eating race. A row of us sat there, madly cracking and eating huge bowls of peanuts under the direction of Sue Tyler and Doris Earle. When at last, exhausted by our efforts at calmness and haste, we were forced to give up the attempt to dispose of all in sight, we were guided to the next sport and urged to throw peanuts into the baby's mouth. And then came the tree-climbing contests, and the three-legged races, and the sack races. It would be impossible to describe all the noble and manly sports. Suffice it to say that Bryn Mawr held her own, and, indeed, made a glorious record in each.

Meanwhile Mrs. Piper, née Delphic Oracle, was holding her mysterious séances on the steep hillside. We were led in little groups along the brook, far from the "madding crowd." At least we were supposed to be far from the "madding crowd," but there were so many enthusiastic fortune seekers that most of us had to stand balanced on stones in the brook, until our turn came to enter the mysterious tent. There was a solemn science about the place, less, it must be confessed, from reverence than from curiosity to overhear the fortunes and characters of earlier comers. As to Mrs. Piper herself—her awesomeness and charms defy description, so let us go on to remember how we went back along the brook, rejoined the gay throng, and each took our turn in the obstacle race. Dot Day and Linda Lange acted as referees of this important event, and great was their difficulty in keeping order among the cheering, enthusiastic audience. It was agony to watch your champion disappear with one dive, into a huge barrel which rocked and rolled

from side to side until a head emerged at the other end, and a breathless figure squirmed out. Many a gym suit was ripped and torn by this performance, and as to b. b. skirts—many are still to be seen with long neatly sewed seams in odd places. The excitement was finally ended by A. Day's rolling out of her barrel ahead of everybody else in the last heat. She was at once proclaimed the victor of the Olympian Games, and received the conqueror's laurel wreath amid much applause.

And now we were invited to sit down on the grass while quaintly dressed maids handed around lemonade and doughnuts and other delectable picnic things. How good it all tasted, and how hungry we were! After this we sang our song in honor of the occasion, "1903 we're on a spree" etc., and 1903 sang that first song to us, "Oh, Freshmen, dear, we greet you," and then, of course, we all sang all the old songs, and of course, too, we had the dear old standbys—the Umph-ha-ha family, and the Belle of Avenue A, and the famous Meigs song with the chorus rendered as only a Meigs can render it.

In the midst of all this A. Day splashed into the brook, white shoes and all, and was quickly followed by Meg Nichols and half a dozen other enthusiastic souls who waded happily about and showered anyone who came too near. The rest of us were still singing cheerfully when a herd of cows was driven into the field and slowly approached us. Their dignified pace was soon hastened by Curly and Po, who drove them steadily toward us. Well, it was time to go home at any rate, and yet we hated to disperse. Happily no goodbyes were necessary, as we all started up the road together.

Some of us turned in at Low Buildings and walked up the boardwalk. Some of us went on up the Gulf road. All of us met again in front of Merion. There we stood and cheered each other again, and 1905 tried to say all over again what a perfect party it had been. And still we lingered on, prolonging it as long as possible, until the dinner gong sounded and we had to scatter, and end one of the loveliest and merriest of our Bryn Mawr afternoons.

LOUISE LEWIS.



The College Breakfast

Not every function in that last, crowded, hurried week was anticipated as eagerly as the College Breakfast. 1903 had been entertained by 1905 before; and the beauty of the gymnasium and the merriment of the feast sustained their reputation. The tables were banked with shining green laurel; the galleries and pillars were draped with green branches and the college colors. Beside the usual college songs and the usual toasts there were two charming solos by Florence Craig, a duet by 1903 and 1905, and the well beloved Jabberwock by Carla Denison.

But the climax of the breakfast, in the eyes of 1903, was reached when Alice Meigs, the Toastmistress, came to the end of her toast to the Seniors. She departed from the ordinary light-hearted farewells to the class that was about to leave college, and spoke of the unusually sincere loyalty that had always existed between 1903 and 1905. If ever 1903 meant much more than it could express—it was then when it cheered:

Amo—amas—amat—for 1905.

1903.

It is in Sophomore year that a class gets the true benefit of the Commencement exercises. Beginning with the College Breakfast, which it falls to their lot to manage, the whole performance is run by them. No one in 1905 will soon forget that morning of June 4, when we crept from the halls in the gray gloom of early dawn, and gathered behind Merion to form the thick daisy chains with which to deck the chapel. The mere sight of "a little Bryn Mawr daisy" now brings back the whole scene—figures in red gym suits bristling about with arms full of this pungent flower; girls on step ladders hanging the long heavy yellow and white chains, winding a wreath about the chapel clock, or sticking a mass of daisies into the chicken wire tacked up over the platform; worried marshals, with their beribboned batons, bustling around, hunting up delinquent Seniors who would not come and take their place in the line forming under Pembroke Arch. Then we can see the solemn procession file into Chapel, the Faculty with their gorgeous silk hoods and gold tasseled caps, and finally 1903, all in white dresses, and wearing the bachelor of arts gown and the yellow Bryn Mawr hood. And after the conferring of degrees the same solemn line of gowned figures marched out across the campus to the spot chosen for the library building. The hot sunshine, the bright parasols and summer dresses of the many guests, the students in their caps and gowns, Dr. Furness, forming a spot of brilliant color as he sat in his scarlet robe on the platform beside the President and the Trustees—and then the laying of the corner stone with Edith Dabney and Gertrude Dietrich bearing the copper box to be enclosed in it, and Joseph Connelly hurrying about overseeing the proceedings—the whole ceremony will stay with us for many a long day in a series of vivid, brightly-colored pictures. Luckily, we were too tired then, and too worried, lest some mistake should be made, to realize that we were saying good-bye to 1903. But now, mingling with all these memories, this thought seems the all-important one—that 1903 had gone, and that about the best of all these wonderful four years was over—that 1905 were now upper classmen.





Junior Year



Class Officers

President—HELEN RUTGERS STURGIS.

Vice-President—GLADYS KING.

Secretary—ANNA MARY HILL.

Offices Held by the Class

CHRISTIAN UNION—*Treasurer*, HELEN M. A. TAYLOR.

BRYN MAWR LEAGUE—*President*, MARGARET S. OTHEMAN.

SELF-GOVERNMENT—*Vice-President*, ISABEL A. LYNDE. *Executive Board*, MARGUERITE ARMSTRONG; CARLA DENISON. *Advisory Board*, ELEANOR L. LITTLE; MARGARET G. THURSTON; FLORENCE WATERBURY. *Secretary*, HELEN R. STURGIS. *Treasurer*, LESLIE FARWELL.

UNDERGRADUATE ASSOCIATION—*Vice-President and Treasurer*, HELEN R. STURGIS. *Secretary*, HELEN P. KEMPTON.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION—*Secretary*, HELEN P. KEMPTON. *Outdoor Manager*, CARLA DENISON. *Indoor Manager*, ELEANOR L. LITTLE.

THE LANTERN—EMILY BLODGETT, *one of Editors*. *Business Manager*, GLADYS KING.

TIPYN O BOB—*Managing Editors*, F. E. MASON; D. DUDLEY. *Editor*, NAN HILL. *Assistant Business Manager*, E. LONGSTRETH.

DE REBUS CLUB—AVIS PUTNAM; ISABEL LYNDE.

PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB—*Secretary*, NATHALIE FAIRBANK.

LAW CLUB—*Vice-President*, M. THAYER. *Secretary*, G. HARTMAN.

GLEE CLUB—*Business Manager*, H. KEMPTON.

COLLEGE SETTLEMENT—*Elector*, E. FREDERICA LE FEVRE. *Treasurer*, AVIS PUTNAM.

CONFERENCE COMMITTEE—L. FARWELL; A. MEIGS.

TROPHY CLUB—*President*, MARGARET NICHOLS.





OUR Junior Year! What a crisis and what a change those words recall in the history of the Class of 1905! The class which had heretofore led such a delightfully carefree and joyous existence, which had roamed at will under the watchful, but lenient guardianship of 1903, was suddenly called to a serious and tremendous responsibility. The young girls, who, as Freshmen, had sported over the campus, like timid but happy fawns, and as Sophomores had careered like playful bulls over the narrow boardwalks, sweeping all their inferiors before them, were now to be converted, not into flying Pegasuses as their crest betokened, but into very staid and sober creatures. The Juniors were to assume the guardianship of more than a hundred exquisite young flowerets, to guard and protect each tender blossom from storm and violence, and to prop up those ethereal, slender, willowy young vines which comprised the Class of 1907.

It was not hard to discern the influence of the new spirit among the members of the Junior Class. The student who, four months ago, at 8.14 A.M. rushed pell-mell down the stairs, and, regardless of appearance and lack of scholarly and womanly dignity, "made" breakfast, or else loudly proclaimed her misfortune to the whole hall, now marched measurably and calmly to the dining-room door, and on seeing it slam in her face, gave a slight shrug and walked quietly away. That miserable little Freshman, who had just sneaked through the door in a waterproof and slippers could never repeat her offense after the example afforded by the stoical and dignified Junior.

Often after dinner, the kindly members of 1905 would gather into their rooms some of their flock and discourse a few words on such subjects as regular attendance at chapel, course-books, and the amicable spirit which should be preserved between Sophomore and Freshman. One rainy evening, a dignified Junior was holding forth at some length to a frivolous Freshman on the cheapness and vulgarity of practical jokes. The Freshman, however, did not seem duly impressed; in fact, she seemed rather inclined to smile and departed, giving way to suppressed mirth. The perplexed Junior looked questioningly around. Light broke upon the darkness when she spied that thin cord tied across her roommate's door, betokening a swift fall to a careless oncomer, and that hideous-looking stuffed monkey which was being smuggled by a friend into her innocent-looking bed. Hereafter the Junior held her peace.

But failures were few and far between. The general impression made by the class was dignified, wonderfully so. No Freshman penetrated into that uproarious meeting where the worst hockey player in college was put up for office against the last year's captain, when the blushing candidate heard through thundering jeers and laughter that

the votes cast for her were zero. No horrified young student pierced the walls of the gym and heard the unhallowed noises at a song practice when a celebrated young authoress, who had been positively refused admittance to any glee club in existence, tried to sing(?) her latest poetical production. And with what admirable indifference and restraint the Junior Class accepted a most overwhelming and pitiable defeat in gym contests! How bravely they bore their loss. What an example of lofty resignation they set! How wonderfully they controlled their enthusiasm when two noble creatures succeeded in getting over instead of around the smallest horse.

It was all admirable, no doubt, and most praiseworthy, but still just a little wearing. The poor Juniors were getting thin and wan under their weighty responsibilities. At springtime, they looked forward joyously to the coming, carefree Senior year, when frail little Freshmen could shift for themselves, and Seniors could go back to the gayety of Sophomore year. What a very trivial matter, orals and degrees seemed to us in comparison with the dreadful task of being dignified!

ELSIE P. HENRY.

When 1907 returned from the President's reception for them, they brought news that proved a call to arms of all their guardian Juniors. There would be no Freshman Play! Was youth to be deprived of its most exuberant joyousness? Were there to be no weeks when lectures were a minor consideration, and the brains and ingenuity of a class developed harmoniously, along lines of nocturnally-concocted scenery and costuming, much practiced choruses and dances? Were biology and first year English, dissected earthworms and Grimm's Law to develop a spirit of loyalty class and unity? It was impossible and unheard of. 1905 to the rescue! From the unanimity of the Junior protest, 1907 learned what oneness a class could have. From the homilies addressed directly to them, they learned right then and there the lesson a play would have taught—Class Spirit.

This was all apparent when 1907 persevered to second semester and staged their Freshman Play below a gallery of approving Juniors.

Hockey of Junior Year

How We Won the Championship

In the first place, before the game began last year, we all felt pretty desperate and hopeless as to the chances of winning the championship. In the practice games, 1906 had kept us down to close scores, and some of us felt that the teams were so evenly matched as to make it a toss-up which should win the final honors. You see, with our characteristic spirit, we took it for granted that we should reach the finals and have a chance to defend the championship won Sophomore year. The time for the games drew on apace, the twenty-two got down to strict training, speculation ran high as to who would make the team and which class we should draw to play first. On Saturday evening, October 31, Wag announced the team at one of our impressive hockey meetings at Merion, and told us that we had drawn 1907 and were to play on Tuesday. Of course, the Freshman carried on tremendously, as was proper they should. The first game was played November 3, and I must confess it was not an exciting encounter; the Freshmen were decidedly rattled as was only natural at their first match game, but took their defeat like true sports. The score was 9-1 in our favor, and now the true 1905 spirit of caution came to the fore; we spent all our spare time before the next game, in knocking on wood and assuring all our friends most solemnly that we *knew* the Freshmen would beat us. To be sure they did take a decided brace, and put up a good fight in the second game on November 5, but nevertheless they were beaten, this time 3-0. I feel sure that none of us will ever forget that game, it was raining hard most of the time, the field was in a dreadfully sloppy condition, and we went slipping and falling about in most ungraceful fashion. The ardor of the spectators was naturally somewhat dampened by the rain, and a forlorn sight they presented—a sparse group of huddled females wrapped in blankets and capes, anything to keep the rain off—whilst umbrellas dripped and caught in people's hair, thereby causing gentle cursing. Every now and then we, on the field, were dimly conscious of a befogged sort of cheer which failed to make much impression in cutting through the thick atmosphere, but such occasions were few and far between, and the game, for the most part, was played in silence, a grim, stick-in-the-mud struggle.

So much for the preliminary games, and so far so good. But we all felt that the real struggle was yet before us, and would come when we met our old rival 1906. We realized that the fight would be long and hard, because 1906 had a splendid team, but little did we realize how long and a hard a fight must take place before either class would win and the championship be decided. The first game was on November 9, the weather was

glorious, and both teams were in good condition. This game was truly exciting and sensational, the score being 1-0 in favor of 1906, until literally the last half-minute's play, during which a goal was luckily popped for 1905. The enthusiasm was great, but 1905 had seen a little of what it had to contend against, and was more scared than ever. Crossed fingers and knockings-on-wood again became the order of the day. But in spite of these infallible precautions, the next game proved most mournful for us, our gallant captain did not play and we felt the need of her sadly. 1906 beat 3-1, and 1905 was most dispirited, until two facts were brought to its attention: first, that Prosper was not at the game (owing to an illness which resulted from the seventeen cups of ice cream fed to him by Cricky at the last game), and second, the reminder that a beating was the best thing in the world for 1905, and that, judging from former experiences, hope still remained for success. Sure enough, the next game came out even better than we had dared to hope. Curly was put in for center-forward, and by her brilliant work encouraged the team, Dilly got in long runs and stunning passes which excited squeals of delight from a most appreciative audience. Prosper was at his old post of honor, by the WHEE flag, consuming barrels of ice-cream with his accustomed air of sang froid. In other words, "Richard was himself again," and 1905 won, 3-1. We all felt before the game that this day was the crucial point in 1905's career, here it was a Friday, the 13th of the month, and we had our hands full with a hockey game and the Fairyland show for 1907. One girl said if 1905 was beaten, thus losing the championship, it would mean that the "great and glorious" must be relegated to a high and narrow shelf, having failed to come up to scratch. Fortunately all came out well (there is only one word to express my emotion at this point, therefore I utter it—"WHEE!")

Now came a long spell of bad weather, during which hockey was out of the question; training was broken, we all grew fat and lazy, placid relations were once more established between 1905 and 1906.

And so Thanksgiving came and went, and still the championship was undecided. However, at last the day came when we could really play, being neither too cold nor too hot, too wet nor too dry. So at the usual time we trotted down to the field, all feeling very scared and queer. It seemed as if we played as hard as we possibly could during the first half, but the score was only 1-0 in our favor, and 1906 were playing up for all they were worth. In the second half, 1906 made a goal, thus tying the score. Then it seemed as if pandemonium let loose, occupied the side lines; and to the end of the game it was a long, stubborn struggle, each side trying to hold the other down. At last the whistle blew, and the fourth game ended in a tie! It had really become a joke now, and many appropriate rhymes were sung at dinner in Pembroke that night.

But the next game was the most truly thrilling and exciting game 1905 ever played. We realized that we must use every bit of nerve and grit we could get hold of. The game was very swift, the ball flying from one goal to the other. It seemed centuries to us before the first goal was made. Snip shot it, and if the enthusiasm at the game before had been great, it was now quite indescribable. People yelled, and clapped, and slapped each other on the back, and sang, and screamed, and acted generally like lunatics. During the last half, at one time the ball was within a foot of being through the 1906 goal. Then such a hubbub as I have never seen before! Forwards and halfbacks of both teams all crowded in and shuffled around between the goal-posts. In the midst of the *mélée*, one small voice was heard pleading, "Let me out; let me out!" The whistle called time-out, people disentangled themselves from the bunch, and poor little Snippy was discovered sitting on the ball whither she had been pushed during the scramble. At last time was called, the score was still 1-0, and our dear old tattered banner could again hang on the gym! We took Wag on our shoulders, in spite of her modest protestations, and hustled her off the field; then on up to the gym went the jubilant procession—only "went" is far too sedate a word to describe our progress. We leaped, we ran, we hopped, we gamboled, screaming and singing the while. At the gym the banner was cheered, and then we all took hands and danced the zig-zag over the campus. Finally, we went home to our tubs and our dinner, all of us thoroughly excited, thoroughly tired, and more than thoroughly blissful. "Fergit it?" I'm glad I can't!

HELEN PAYSON KEMPTON.
"KEMPY."

HAVEMEYER (Capt.) *C.F.*
LE FEVRE *R.I.*
MARSHALL *R.W.*
LITTLE *L.I.*
KEMPTON *L.W.*

LONGSTRETH *R.H.*
DENISON *C.H.*
MASON *L.H.*
MEIGS *R.F.B.*
STURGIS *L.F.B.*

ARMSTRONG, *Goal*

Games and scores:

November 3—1905 *vs.* 1907—Won by 1905..9-2
November 5—1905 *vs.* 1907—Won by 1905..7-0
November 9—1905 *vs.* 1906—Tie1-1
November 11—1905 *vs.* 1906—Won by 1906..3-1
November 13—1905 *vs.* 1906—Won by 1905..3-1
November 23—1905 *vs.* 1906—Tie1-1
November 24—1905 *vs.* 1906—Won by 1905..1-0

The championship goal was shot by Morrow, Substitute R. I.

Varsity Game

The Bryn Mawr Varsity played one game against the Ladies' Hockey Team of the Merion Cricket Club, on the college field.

L. L. PECK, '04 was captain. C. DENISON, '05, was field captain.

The players were:

HAVEMEYER, '05, substitute for RICHARDSON, '06

WADE, '06

KINGSBACHER, '06

LITTLE, '05

MARSHALL, '05

DENISON, '05

WHITE, '06

AUGUR, '07, substitute for PECK, '04

PETERS, '04, substitute for STURGIS, '05

HARRINGTON, '06

EHLERS, '04

The game was played Saturday, November 21, and was won by Bryn Mawr with a score of 5-0.

There was football practice for 1905 in the fall of Junior year. Everybody knew the signals perfectly, but didn't know just what to do, after they figured up and translated them. The guards were assiduous about draping the center's skirts for a passback, but nobody ever got any further with that play. 1906 also had a set of signals and learned them. Then there was a challenge from the football team of the Class of 1905—and it snowed the next day. But all winter the dignity of the 1905 football captain was officially recognized by sundry letters from advocates of Omega Oil, breakfast food, sure to build up a winning team, cleats that never get dull, and nose-guards, safe and comfortable.



1905 to 1907

Prince Camaralzaman

IMMORTALS

CUPID *Caroline Morrow*
MAIMOUNE, Queen of Fairies *Florence Craig*
GLOW-WORM *Frederica Le Fevre*

MORTALS

SCHAHZAMAN, King of Khahden *Alice Meigs*
CAMARALZAMAN, His son and heir *Isabel Lynde*
THINGAMI, Vizier of Schahzaman *Helen Kempton*
CHOW-CHOW, Emperor of China *Carla Denison*
PIGTAIL-I, His Prime Minister *Dorothy Dudley*
BUMBLE BEE, The Beadle *Margaret Thurston*
YUSE-TO-WOZ, King Schahzaman's wife *Elizabeth Goodrich*
BADOURA, Daughter of Chow-Chow *Avis Putnam*
SA-RI-GAM-PA *Adaline Havemeyer*

MANDARINS { *Anna Hill*
 Margaret Thayer
 Alberta Warner
 Edith Longstreth

CHINESE { *Dorothy Arnold*
MAIDENS { *Alice Bartlett*
 Lydia Moore
 Margaret Otheman

FAIRIES { *Emily Blodgett*
 Katherine Fowler
 Louise Marshall
 Sara Barney

1905 and 1907 in Wonderland

Quite a while before the close of our Sophomore Year we were wrestling with the problem of what kind of show we could give to our Freshmen the following fall. And to all our most brilliant suggestions would come like a fatal answer—"How will this compare with the Pan-American?" The outlook was far from hopeful. When the fall came we had to yield to the dictum of the Dean and put off our banner presentation until November 13. Meanwhile the plan for the entertainment developed. It was supposedly fairyland, a kind of fairy circus, with odd side shows, strange beasts and a fairy play. Long were the hours spent fashioning the costumes, for they were all home-made, economy and simplicity being hobbies of 1905 this year. It was during the making of these garments that the great "sweat shop" developed up in the third floor of Merion—in "Paradise" and "Scotland Yard." With the Bates' sewing machine balanced on a table, and some one running it frantically, an extraordinary paper skirt being pinned on to a patient figure in one corner, some one down on her knees in another, cutting out countless green leaves, heaps of poppy hats on the sofas, paper flowers, work baskets and scraps of cloth—the whole scene was one of mad confusion, and distracted maidens ploughed through the wreckage. Finally the evening arrived, the gymnasium was decorated all in appropriate red flowers and green leaves, and was divided off for the various shows which were to be given. All was ready.

"1907, our fairy band
Welcomes you to Wonderland!"

Thus were the Freshmen greeted on entering the gym, by beautiful poppies who roped them off in groups, and later guided them from one thrilling sight to another. In one corner the heartrending tale of Kerfoozalum was acted out; in another the class and college beasts tramped and roared. In the alcove was a witches' tent and caldron, and weird prophecies floated from it; while downstairs Wonderland took its best known shape, and Alice and the White Queen ruled. Who will ever forget the beauty of the Jubjub Bird, as it sat perched on a bathhouse roof, or the grace with which Humpty Dumpty fell from his wall? And as for the realisticness of this performance—it positively took away the breath of—1905! When all these wonders had been seen and the refreshments consumed, 1907 settled down to behold one of the silliest plays we have ever put on the stage—and you will all admit that that is saying a good deal. "Prince Camaralzaman" contains the feeblest collection of puns it will ever be our lot to hear—but it was "merry!" Cupid with her scanty attire, the fairies in their paper creations, Badoura with her dainty kimona and fuzzy hair coyly ogling the prince with his pale blue suit and sweeping plumes, the king in his three-storied trousers so fearfully and wonderfully built, Yuse-to-Woz, his amiable wife, Chow-Chow, with his long snaky pig-tail, the Mandarins, the Japanese

Maidens, the Constable in his vivid purple clothes—truly they were a motley but marvelous sight. The dialogue was so clever, too! Witness this impassioned love scene: "And I, although I ne'er saw you before, I love you—Oh! I don't know how much more, more than plum puddings, custards—yes!—I tellee I love you more than *even* currant jelly!"

After the tangled love affairs of the Prince and Badoura were arranged to the satisfaction of all, the curtain rose again, and on an entirely different scene, a world of glittering snow and whiteness, with a silver moon rising in the background. And here eight snow maidens stood, gathered about a central figure—the Frost Queen herself. Frost sparkled in her hair and soft white robes that fell about her in long, sweeping lines. It was this Frost Queen who presented the bright new banner to the Freshmen as they stood there expectantly. She told them then what it all meant to us, and was going to mean to them. When she had ceased speaking the snow maidens sang the song which says, better than any words of mine could ever say, how much this whole ceremony stands for to 1905:

"Once more we're gathered together to-night,
United again we stand
To greet the incoming Freshman Class,
To offer a welcoming hand.
And as our Juniors stood firm by us,
Through sunshine, and shadow, too,
Loving you ever and failing you never,
Your Juniors will stand by you.

When the years are fled, and we've gone before;—
For happiest days must pass,—
And you as Juniors stand here in our place
To welcome the Freshman Class.
May it still remain as it is to-day,
And as it has ever been;
That hand in hand together stand,
The red and the loyal green.

May it still remain as it is to-day,
Though we may be scattered far;
That together the green and the loyal red
Shall honor and serve Bryn Mawr."

ISABEL ADAIR LYNDE.



For the Benefit of the Students' Building

It was certainly very strange. You were at Bryn Mawr, of course, but everything was dim and misty, and quite different from what it had ever been before. You seemed to be drifting aimlessly through corridors and over the campus without any effort on your own part. But there was really no time to decide what was the matter, before you felt a series of sharp little slaps on your face. You looked up, and found yourself in the midst of a perfect shower of postal cards. They were thrown at you from every side, and came so fast that you had no time to see what was on them, though some that were streaked with yellow and gray, looked familiar. Every now and then you had to dodge a large book full of songs that came flying along with the postals.

"What is the matter?" you cried in great exasperation, and not really expecting an answer.

"Buy some postals. Buy a song-book. You must buy some!" answered a perfect chorus of voices.

"What for?" you demanded, but before you could catch the reply you were floating on.

You had not gone far when you were brought to a sudden and painful standstill by a vigorous kick on the head. Staggering back, you looked up. Two rather large legs were waving madly in the air and evidently some girl was trying to get through the transom over the door. She seemed absurdly large for such an undertaking. Indeed, she stuck there quite tightly, a confused mass of red gymnasium suit and flying pigtails.

"What an idiot you are!" you exclaimed as you rubbed your head.

"Pay me five cents, please," gasped a choking voice from somewhere on the other side of the transom.

"Pay you five cents," you cried. "What should I do that for?" "Hurry up and pay it. It's for——"

But again you drifted off, and could not hear. What was the matter with things, anyway, you wondered.

This time you moved along more slowly and were able to see dimly. A girl was coming down the corridor with a basketful of muddy boots on her arm. She had yellow hair and wore a pretty lavender dress. A mild curiosity seized you.

"What are you doing with all those boots?" you asked. "Cleaning them for the ——" but she had rushed into a room nearby before she had finished answering you. A blast of hot air made you turn and look into a small apartment that seemed to be a pantry. Four or five girls, packed in so tightly they could scarcely move their elbows, were scrubbing

handkerchiefs and collarettes in dishpans as if their lives depended upon it. The room was so full of steam you couldn't recognize the girls and so unpleasantly stifling that you didn't even try to stop and question them.

Now you were in the gymnasium, in the midst of a wild confusion of chairs, scenery and girls. Someone was pinning up draperies, some one else was muttering a part in a corner. You recognized the scenery and some of the leading characters at once. The king was standing a little apart wrapped in his red mantle, and looking very handsome and peevish.

"Never was so dead in my life," he fretted.

"For pity sakes," you enquired not very respectfully; "what are you giving this play again for?"

The king looked at you with mild scorn. "It's strange you don't know," he answered; "what could it be for except to get money for——"

"Wait a minute," you exclaimed angrily to the unseen spirit who was hurrying you on, "I must hear." But it was no good and off you went.

Queer odors assailed you, and a thick darkness surrounded you. Then gradually a tiny red light flared up and showed a bare room with bowls standing around, filled with acid-colored, evil-smelling mixtures. In the midst of it all you saw a girl frantically rushing from one bowl to another, now taking something out of one, and now putting it in the next. Her hair was flying and her belt was coming off. The expression on her face was so anxiously strenuous that you felt quite out of place standing there idly.

"Can't I help you some?" you suggested politely.

"Order some pictures," she answered breathlessly, without leaving her work.

You looked down and found you were standing in the midst of a pile of albums. The girl thrust a pad into your hand. "Write down the numbers of the ones you want, I'll fill your order next week."

"What do I want to order pictures for?" you demanded in great bewilderment. She was apparently too busy to answer, and you sank wearily down on the floor among the albums.

The acid smell grew positively stifling. The bowls, the albums, the pads seemed to come closer and closer, "Order something!" insisted a menacing voice. The prints were all about you—overhead and all around. You struggled violently—suddenly there was a loud crash.

"Hurry up. I've been waiting ages."

It was the irritated voice of your roommate. She was standing in the door looking at you impatiently.

"What do you want?" you asked sleepily, getting up out of the Morris chair.
"They're selling the sandwiches left over from the Wardens' Tea for the benefit of the Students' Building."

For the benefit of the Students' Building! Of course, that was just what you had been trying to find out. You might have guessed it! Something very like a sigh escaped you as you followed your roommate down the hall.

MARGARET M. WHITALL.

The Oral Supper to 1904, December 4, 1903, Pembroke. Menu modeled after a Bryn Mawr College dinner. Usual situation: Nervous Seniors, more nervous; composed ones acquiring misgivings; Juniors as usual, hungry and happy, surreptitiously reading the words of their songs from rumpled bits of paper.

When in the course of human events it became necessary to live up to an ideal, it seemed to us as Juniors requisite to maintain our exemplary nonchalance, our reassuring calmness, for the sake of those about us, in spite of any inward perturbation we may have felt. 'Twas thus 1905 met Junior Midyears, avowing, regardless of exactitude they "didn't know a thing!" Or at most smilingly acknowledging they had "been over the notes just once and done half the reading."

March 6, 1904—The Law Club of Bryn Mawr held its first debate with another club. The visitors were the Nu Chapter of the Alpha Omega Pi of the New York University Law School. *Resolved:* That compulsory arbitration should be resorted to in disputes between labor and capital. The Bryn Mawr Club won a most creditable victory for the affirmative, and 1905 had cause to be proud of Esther Lowenthal, the Junior member of the team.



1905's Wearing of the Green

Everybody knows how everybody behaves the first warmish days; how "spring fever" tends not only to laziness, but to foolishness, and how, for instance, you feel you simply must sit on the boardwalk for long periods of time, and pretend it is spring, despite the chill in the sunshine. When you add to this general state, both St. Patrick's Day and 1905, the foolishness is far from diminished.

It was the first division (before the days of its being humbled) who carried out the spirit of green spring possibilities, and St. Patrick's Day, and hilarity, by appearing at gym as one man in green suits. Many of these green suits were seized quickly from the backs of 1907 between: "In three counts, break ranks, march!" and "Fall in!" Wild was the scramble in the hallway during that interval; for no Juniors prudently greened beforehand must appear until all the others were ready, and the others were noisily trying to find a Freshman of their own size and go off into corners with them, to reappear, all greenly dressed. When, at last, amid the cheers of the audience, who by this time were largely clothed in red, we all "fell in" looking pleased and conscious, Dr. Smith proved herself a sport by clapping, too, and giving a command for that simple, childish ancient sport—now alas, obsolete—the goosetstep! Of course, the grand entrance was the main part of the drill to us; we had anticipated monotony when that was once over, but to be given the goosetstep to help us forget we were Juniors seemed an unexpectedly fitting turn.

After such events one could hardly expect us to be quite sane, although just what we wanted was indefinite, except—gym over—to be outdoors. So we aimlessly and tunelessly wandered lockstep about the muddy campus, until some brilliant soul suggested the unfinished Rockefeller. Indeed, yes! We would have our share in Rock before most. We would make another grand entrance with no one to observe and appreciate but ourselves—an appreciation often found sufficient. So for the rest of the afternoon we played Freshmen. It was a case of—

"Well, a-here we come—here we come,
No Soph shall stop us on our way."

And no Soph did, for there were none there. We had our own sweet will, rushing all the plaster-scented corridors, dashing over nails and shingles into the kitchen—sacred precinct never to be seen again—and stumbling over yawning gaps, and up winding stairs

to the tower roof; by which I imply the same tower later to be made memorable "in true Magdalen fashion." Not for a moment did we cease our breathless cheers and our songs of youthful days, until, as we came out upon the cool tower, our climax was to cheer 1905. We had been doing so many things that belong to the others to do—from appearing in gym, not in our own proper costume, to rushing Rock, and entering kitchens, and standing on the May-day tower—that to cheer 1905 was but a natural extension of the continued hilarity.

I know there are some who claim to have rushed Rock before us. At any rate, it was a (^{red}_{green}) letter(?) day; for once in its life, 1905 wore the green.

MARGARET BAXTER NICHOLS.



Our Gymnasium Contest, March, 1904

If it is ever quite impossible for 1905 to be proud of what it can do, it will still manage to be proud of what it can't do. I remember standing in the gallery of the Gym Sophomore year, watching the first division drill. There were two members of the Sophomore Class on my right hand side, and when, at the command, "Right about face," the division ran in twenty directions—the two fell into each other's arms and exclaimed in tones positively shrill with delight, "Isn't our class heavenly, and don't we drill badly!"

Perhaps one of the most striking examples of this curious pride was seen in the gymnasium contest of Junior year. I feel that I am especially well-fitted to be an impartial narrator of this event, because I drilled so badly myself that I was not allowed by Dr. Smith even to take part in the contest. Perhaps it will seem unlikely that any member of the Class of 1905 could descend to such depths that she would be considered noticeably below the average, but it is true.

The gymnasium contest was carried on with all the red tape that invariably entangles itself with every college event. Judges, with countenances of portentous gravity were stationed in the gallery, the audience was large, the air was tense with emotion. As 1904, our opponents, emerged in a long even blue line, their steps metronomic, their heads up, their toes turned out, a low murmur of applause sounded throughout the audience. Everything was done to perfection. The difficult Indian-club exercises were performed with clock-like regularity, the apparatus work was accomplished without a hitch, and when the drill was finally over, the applause was tumultuous, the judges were evidently deeply impressed, and on Dr. Smith's face shone a broad smile of self-satisfied contentment. I went around among my classmates encouraging them. I think there was not one of us, but really believed in her heart of hearts that we could surpass 1904 if we would only put our minds upon it. One thing I am certain of—we did not TRY to do badly.

From the gallery, I watched our line as it marched around the room—marched, did I say? No, indeed, I could not so dignify it, straggled, sprawled, each person keeping a different step, all apparently quite oblivious to any uniform time that the music might have suggested. At the order, "right face," the gymnasium floor looked like a pool of water after you have thrown a pebble in the midst of a crowd of lucky bugs. There was the same senseless hurrying thither and hither, the same quite useless agitation. Titters ran through the audience; the judges looked amused, astonished, and finally disgusted. Dr. Smith's commands assumed a metallic quality. Meanwhile the drill progressed from bad to worse. If the marching was evilly done, the dumbbell exercises were still more evilly

done. I myself thought it showed a certain amount of ingenuity, the way every single member performed a separate, distinct, different movement at every count, but I was rather thankful I was not on the floor, as the dumbbells, slipping from the owner's grasp and coursing through the air, made it exceedingly dangerous. Report has it that several flying dumbbells struck the judges, and that thus their minds were poisoned against us—a report, however, that has since been decided false.

The climax of the drill was reached in the apparatus work. The horse was brought out and the class, puffing and blowing, hot and dishevelled from its exertions, was ranged in an irregular formation, slightly resembling a line. The order was given for a flank vault, and once more we displayed the astonishing versatility of our genius. No one person vaulted like another; some walked over, some stepped over, several fell over in different postures, and a few gave it up and skulked around. And when the drill was finally over, and 1904 was declared victor by an overwhelming unanimous vote, did we look defeated? Did we hang our heads? Did we envy our conquerors or grudge them their victory? Not we! We exclaimed joyfully as one man, "Ain't we the most bad drilling class there is!" "Nobody but us could ha' done so wretched!" "Hurrah for 1905, *ain't* we the sports." Remarks which must have seemed rather irrelevant to the audience.

ELEANOR MASON.

The college was perfectly delighted at the Glee Club concert, April 15, to discover that the club *did* know something besides "The Cuckoo Has One Single Lay," and *could* sing something besides the repetition of this nerve-racking, universally-attempted, ever-present bit of melody which had filled in most often spaces between quiet hours, all the second semester of our Junior year. A number of the audience seemed to enjoy all the lays, and 1905 all but the Cuckoo's "Single One."





May Day

It is an ancient alumna
And she stoppeth one of three;
"By thy scanty hair and furrowed brow,
Now wherefore, stopp'st thou me?"

It is the last drill of the year,
And I must go to gym,
Or else I cannot graduate—
Ach, weh! my chance is slim."

She holds her by the gym suit red,
"There was a class," quoth she,
"Which wore this self-same color
With pride and jollity."

The waylayed one sat on the grass,
She cannot choose but hear,
And thus spake on that alumna
In accents low and drear.

"The clock struck four, when at my door
There came a knocking loud.
(This was full nine long years ago
When we were Juniors proud.)

Louder and louder grew that knock,
I leaped up pale and thin"—
The waylayed one here beat her breast,
For she heard her class—"fall in!"

The waylayed one, she beat her breast,
Yet cannot choose but hear,
And thus spake on that alumna
In accents low and drear.

“And now we dressed us all in white,
From very top to toe,
A red sash tied about our waists,
To show our class, you know.

And now reluctantly we stepped
Out in that gray May morn
A gentle rain was drizzling down,
We all felt quite forlorn.

The mud was here, the mud was there,
The mud was all around.
It soiled our shoes, and smudged our skirts,
Sad sights there did abound.

At length did pass the Senior Class,
Through the rain they came,
And filed up to the towers high
Which bear the oil king's name.

All on unsodded ground we stood,
Our feet were very wet,
We wondered how a doctor's bill
Could possibly be met.

All on unsodded ground we stood,
(Our looks were far from gay)
Full long and patiently to hear
The Seniors greet the May.

At length there came a muffled sound,
Out of the sky it came.
We knew it was the Latin hymn
Of Maudlin Oxford fame.

A dismal dirge it seemed to us
Who draggled, stood below,
Quite wet and sleepy and convinced
Completely of our woe.

At length did pass the Senior class,
From out of the towers they came,
And filed before us 'mid wild cheers,
Out in the mud and rain.

Here the manuscript is torn. Whether the "Ancient alumna" of this fragmentary production went back to bed after the Rockefeller ceremony or whether she was carried away to the hospital with acute pneumonia it is difficult to ascertain. At all events it is sure that she could never have been with us when, a little while after the scene she so feelingly depicts, the sun broke suddenly forth as we were hoisting the Maypoles in front of Merion, and much against our will (for we had all determined to be miserable in doing our duty by the occasion), we found ourselves dancing and singing for the very joy of life. She could not have been with us as we trooped into Denbigh for our class breakfast. Can one of us forget it? Did we ever eat bacon and eggs before with such gay spontaneity, or listen with greater delight to the time-honored "stunts?" Can we forget the funny little "band" which began to play on the campus and how, as the classes gathered about their Maypoles, the Freshmen came driving up in a float, all bright with the colors and costumes of merrie old England, how they set up their Maypole and crowned their May queen. And then how the four Maypoles were wound and unwound to the time of old tunes until, dropping the gay streamers, we all joined hands, the whole college, in one big circle about the four Maypoles, the May queen, and Miss Thomas, and how we sang, as we danced, our May songs till the chapel bell broke the spell which enthralled us.

HELEN GRIFFITH.

Basketball, May, 1904

1905 won the basketball championship for the second and last time on a "Friday" the 13th."

The team was:

F. MARSHALL, Capt.

F. DENISON

F. HALL

C. MASON

C. KEMPTON

C. THURSTON

G. JAYNES

G. LYNDE

G. McKEEN

The games and scores were:

May 5—1905 vs. 1904—Won by 1905.. 11-1

May 7—1905 vs. 1904—Won by 1905.. 11-3

May 9—1905 vs. 1906—Won by 1906.. 3-2

May 11—1905 vs. 1906—Won by 1905.. 10-2

May 13—1905 vs. 1906—Won by 1905.. 7-1



The performance by the Ben Greet Company of the old Morality "The Star of Bethlehem," on May 13, was very interesting. The wagon fitted in the fashion of the primitive English stage, the beauty of the words which red-robed Gabriel chanted in Miss Matheson's impressive, rich voice, the quaintly-costumed, humorous shepherds, the magnificent, barbaric Kings of the East, created an atmosphere so unusual, so different from commonplace, as to give us a sense of the charm of mediæval times.

There was a great deal of trouble with the audience and the branches that cut off their view of the stage, and the spring hats, and the sudden showers. But these made no lasting impression, whereas we learned to enjoy something that we had not appreciated in First Year English.

Behind the Scenes of "Amor Vincit Omnia"

May 6, 1904

How busy the spring of our Junior year was! There were weeks of rehearsals where reigned glorious confusion, as to whose entrance it wasn't, whose cue it was, who finished the tale, who gagged whom. There was delightful certainty that much would be said and done, and a delightful vagueness about how much it would have to do with the play. No one, save the stage manager, was ever at a loss for something to say and do. So many funny things happened, and so many splendid ones, too.

There was a difficulty about the ejaculations that was funny. There was a distinct unwillingness in some cases to use the prescribed language, and an unwillingness not to, in others. We eventually acquired a choice collection of middle English and scattered it around behind the exclamation points. The beauty of the plan was that the expressions were quaint and nobody knew what they meant anyway.

And our "Merry Wife of Bath" and the Friar and the "lads!" Didn't they have fun, and didn't they act in those good old days? Ah, children, when we were young like you—Good gracious, when the undersigned was about that young, she had measles. Let us pass on.

Among the other funny things, there was our Richard's fondness for the part. The good king was so mad to have at those lines it was difficult to induce him to take his proper cue for entrance, and once in—What a torrent of youthful exuberance poured

forth! If any one else got in a cue before gallant Richard had gone straight through all the lines, the lucky one had to exercise much forethought and agility, take a long running start, and jump right into the midst of that inspired enthusiasm.

Day after day we derived increasing joy from our Friar's "Me Voila!" the Miller and Cook with their "Be all gagged below there," and the "One Nine-pin landlord's continual and never-at-the-right-time," "Aye, sweet lording." Then there was the Yeoman who began coming to rehearsals very early in the course of things to be sure to get in his carefully conned "What's this?" at the right time, and never achieved that estimable feat until the actual performance.

Sense of humor was a hindrance to discipline. What discipline there was, by the way, was such a dreadful sham. Do you remember the system of fines for absence and tardiness? That was the proudest bluff of the regime. If the call-boy and the manager had collected those fines they would have been embarrassed with their riches.

The funniest thing of all had an element of pathos for the victim. Suddenly there wasn't any manager at all, and all because of a measles germ that came flying along at the height of the excitement which preceded the resolution of our chaos into order. So passed the erstwhile stage manager to a week's imprisonment, feeling life hard as she called out the news to the groups at B. B. practice one sunshiny morning.

Those six days in the infirmary were hard to bear for one whose head was so full of the play she could hear every line, every inflection so clearly that she stewed for a half day over getting word to somebody to put in a comma usually absent from her speech and calculations. Flattened against the panes was the managerial nose as bits of news of the progress of things were shouted from without. Putty took and delivered pages of dictated messages to each pilgrim.

At last, just in the nick of time, came escape from durance vile, back to the bustle and fun. The best way of telling how the splendid things began to happen then is by trying to give some impressions gathered from the prompter's stool at the stage corner.

On the fateful night, as the curtain was pulled back, the Tabard Inn seemed an amateur manager's dream realized, so satisfying was the soft, cosy light on the high wainscoting, and the fireplace, and high-back settee, and everybody came and went, just as they were expected to do, looking every inch their parts. It seemed as if there ought to be equally appropriate lines for you all with the young squire's eulogy of our Chaucer in the question—

"Saw you ever
So knightly, sweet, and sovereign a man,
With eyes so glad and shrewdly innocent?"

Oh, how well it went! Not a slip, not a hitch!

A great many especially nice things belonged to the next act. Who could deny there was "atmosphere" about the thatched inn, the garden with its arbor and wall and gate, and the landscape beyond? And then the lines themselves! There was the squire's description of their ride:

"Hillsides newly greened
Brooks splashing silver in the small, sweet grass,
Pelt gusts of rain dark'ning the hills, and then—
Wide swallowed up in sunshine!"

It was easy to forget then that the iron door was perilously wobbly, and that people strolling in the road, the other side of the wall, had to scramble off high tables, there to supplement the stage proper at "right and left back." No harm came of any of the scenic difficulties, however, even when the knight was projected into space through the trap door.

Weren't Johanna and the young squire an adorable pair as they strolled in? And later Chaucer and his Prioress had finished their dear little love scene of "Parlez toujours, Monsieur!" and the answering "passages too sweet For this cloy'd planet," before the spark plug got stepped on and that proud crescent moon of ours suffered an eclipse. There was really a sense of peace somehow from Chaucer's lines—

"The white stars,
Like folded daisies in a summer field
Sleep in their dew."

Then the last act went smoothly, beyond all hopes. The share of Landlord, and the flower girls, Alisoun in her wedding attire, the pilgrims, Richard and his court, the Archbishop and the choristers, came in succession, playing out the play to that last solemn—

"Forget our star?
Not while the memory of beauty pains
And Amor Vincit Omnia,"

while the Latin hymn died away inside the cathedral.

It was over, and your manager was glad for you and with you, 1905, as she stood there, hot and dusty, and dishevelled, holding close the flowers you deserved of her, rather than she of you.

E. FREDERICA LE FEVRE.



Amor Vincit Omnia

I

Characters based on "The Canterbury Tales"

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, Poet at King Richard's Court	Helen Garret
THE KNIGHT (Don Roderigo d'Algezie)	Marguerite Armstrong
THE SQUIRE (Aubrey), his Son	Isabel Adair Lynde
THE FRIAR (Huberd)	Carla Denison
THE MAN-OF-LAW	Nathalie Fairbank
THE COOK (Roger Hogge)	Helen Payson Kempton
THE MILLER (Bob or Robin)	Adaline Havemeyer
THE PARDONER	Georgiana Mabry Parks
THE HOST (Harry Bailey)	Margaret Baxter Nichols
THE PRIORESS' PRIEST (Joannes)	Laura Alice Bartlett
THE SQUIRE'S YEOMAN	Louise Chapin Marshall
THE WIFE OF BATH (Alisoun)	Caroline N. E. Morrow
THE PRIORESS (Madame Eglantine)	Leslie Farwell
MISTRESS BAILEY OF THE TABARD INN	Elizabeth Goodrich
AHUN (The Prioress' Attendant)	Katharine Fowler

II

Characters not based on "The Canterbury Tales"

RICHARD II., KING OF ENGLAND	Alice McKinstry Meigs
JOHN OF GAUNT, Duke of Lancaster, Brother-in-Law of Chaucer	Marguerite Whitall
THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, his Brother	Esther Lowenthal
THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY	Helen Rutgers Sturgis
BOTTLEJOHN, Host of the One Nine-pin Inn, at Bob-up-and-Down	Edith M. Longstreth
A GRAY FRIAR	Theodora Bates
JOHANNA, Marchioness of Kent	Florence Colgate Craig
CANTERBURY BROOCH GIRLS	<div> <div>Sara Barney</div> <div>Clara Martha Herrick</div> <div>Avis Putnam</div> </div>
SERVING MAID	Dorothy Arnold
VENDER OF RELICS	Margaret Gertrude Thurston
HERALDS	<div> <div>Anna Mary Hill</div> <div>Eleanor Lovell Little</div> <div>Alice Dickson Jaynes</div> <div>Gladys King</div> <div>Lydia Moore</div> </div>
CHOIR BOYS	Margaret Stevens Otheman

STAGE MANAGER, *Eva Frederica Le Fevre*
 SCENERY, by *Frances Eleanor Mason*
 SCENERY BUILDER, *Alice McKinstry Meigs*

"The Canterbury Pilgrims"

In its Class Book, a class, inasmuch as it is writing its own epitaph—and epitaphs proverbially pronounce favorable sentence—is privileged to sacrifice compromising fact to the spirit of self-adulation, and the spirit of humility to flattering fact. Happily for me—since to wander from humility is commonly held less reprehensible than "to stray from the hackneyed limits of the actual"—it is the second of these privileges I have to exercise in reviewing "The Canterbury Pilgrims," as it was presented by 1905 to 1904, at the Junior-Senior Supper. For as I strenuously assume the critical attitude of seeing "the object as in itself it really is," we are, I think, truthful in expressing some gratification over our production of Mr. McKaye's Chaucerian drama, even to the extent of calling it by way of optimistically paraphrasing Touchstone, "A good thing, sir, and our own."

This tone of proprietorship, to be sure, may extend only to our treatment of the play; unlike 1904, we have not even a partial claim to the authorship of it. And it was, indeed, with regret that we refused the challenge to authorship which 1904 had so ably thrown to future Junior classes. Yet when we discovered that our number apparently held neither poet nor dramatist equal to our standard, Pegasus contented himself with plain horse sense, and developed none of the propensity for ineffectually flapping his wings moonwards. We were fortunate, moreover, in our choice of a compromise. For in "Canterbury Pilgrims" we happened upon a rare occurrence—a work bearing that fine stamp which distinguishes literature from mere word-composition; at the same time a work still commonly unknown, and not yet become hackneyed through much reading and criticism. Superficially, it is comedy portraying no tremendous situation, boasting only a graceful thread of a plot; but, intrinsically, it is, as well, a vivid interpretation of Chaucer in such form as to assure one that Mr. McKaye has earned the right to interpret a poet. In his handling of the Pilgrims and of Chaucer he has caught the Chaucerian spirit; his theme is a summary of one of the lessons to be inferred from Chaucer—the lesson that great songs may be sung of just such common nature as the miller, the friar, the carpenter and the cook. The play, in short, gives us Chaucer of the fourteenth century seen with a seeing eye, and described in literary language of the twentieth century. It furnishes, furthermore, opportunity for skillful acting and for effective staging.

1905 displayed unusual cleverness, I think, in the fulfillment of the latter opportunity; which, since the staging required a tavern interior, a cathedral exterior, and a garden in view of a village street, could have been no easy task. Eleanor Mason, as scene painter, assuredly broke her own record, and that of the class, the two being practically equivalent. Indeed, I am not certain that the *Tipyn O Bob* was not justified in its still

more sweeping statement: "The tavern scene in its detail of scenery was one of the few finished bits of stage-craft Bryn Mawr has yet produced, and to it the garden ran a close second." Perhaps, however, a modest blush, a proper smirk, is the most becoming acceptance of such a flattering generalization. If that be so, we will content ourselves with specific criticism. We will recall in our stage-setting the inevitable traces of the amateur, the total eclipse of the moon in the fourth act, for example; and we will only insist upon a certain style, a certain power of conviction, belonging to the scenery, which helped to supply the illusion of reality. For, while the curtains were drawn aside, the accustomed environment of the gymnasium really seemed lost in the atmosphere of a London tavern of the fourteenth century, boisterous with Anglo-Saxon nature and graced by French manners; or again to the early springtime atmosphere of the garden in the hamlet of Bob-up-and-down, fresh smelling from April flowers, a color harmony with the white robes of the prioress and the green brocade of Johanna; or lastly (though not so entirely), to this impressive atmosphere of the cathedral scene, suggesting as it did the pomp of old royalty, and the formal charm of the Mediæval church.

The more or less complete realization, however, of the several atmospheres on the gymnasium stage was as much due to the cast as to the scene painter. The acting, although it lacked finish and gave promise of no actual genius, was, almost continually, intelligent, alive, and suggestive. If sometimes the actors did not completely achieve Mr. McKaye's conceptions of his Chaucerian characters, they at least realized in their impersonations, the essence, the spirit of them. The playing, too, showed the result of long training: no one faltered over her lines; no one needed prompting; no one for a minute forgot the character she was impersonating; all of which facts are creditable, and even unhabitual, in the case of an amateur company. The interpretation of the difficult rôle of Chaucer had always one's approval as exact, polished, distinguished; and in one or two eloquent passages the actor quite carried one away on a wave of considerable emotion. The wife of Bath excelled in the characteristic virtues of the cast as a whole, playing with the dash, the enthusiasm which her part demanded, and with an evident love of playing. "The comedy scenes in which she was the central figure, proved real comedy." Although the possibilities in the character of the irresistible prioress were not by any means exhausted, yet much of her charm, much of her daintiness were suggested—in appearance and in manner—our prioress indeed, was "full simple and coy." Now and then the friar played a side-splitting duet in buffoonery with Alisoun, the wife of Bath. Johanna was notable for the really rare artistic composition she made in line and in color.

By way of conclusion, let me say that to the Class of 1905, and especially to those most closely connected with the production of our Junior-Senior Supper entertainment,

"The Canterbury Pilgrims" ought to seem in retrospect an experience peculiarly worth while. True, it meant a vast amount of work. But, as a reward, it succeeded, I think—and my judgment should be unbiased, since I myself was of the audience and not of the cast—in giving to those that saw it some distinct pleasure. It is furthermore a play worthy of the serious dramatics of an academic body; and in its early English setting particularly consistent with the atmosphere of Bryn Mawr. And we, of 1905 Bryn Mawr, will necessarily retain the more fond, the more vivid impression of Chaucer singing at the dawn of the English nation, for having made Mr. McKaye's "Canterbury Pilgrims," in a certain sense, our own.

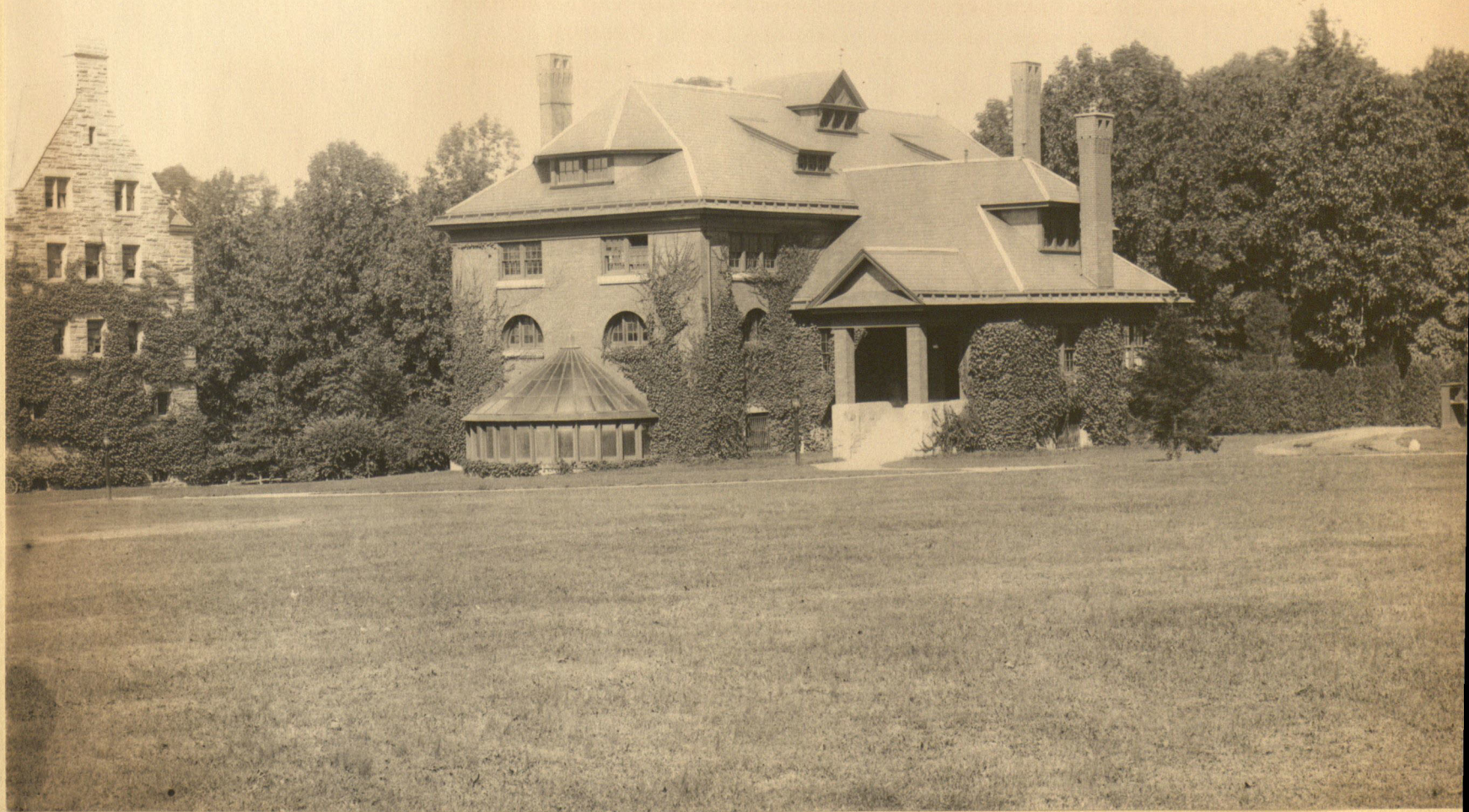
DOROTHY DUDLEY.

It rained the first of June and Garden Party was indoors. It continued to rain, but by ten o'clock, 1904 and 1905, careless of weather, in gym suits and raincoats, were out at Taylor steps for the last ceremony of our Junior Year. Because of the rain, visitors had left the campus, and there was more privacy and solemnity than when curious on-lookers were present. Just those most intimately concerned were there to feel the sorrow for departing Seniors and the full consciousness of the coming year.

"Where, oh where, were the loyal Juniors" on June 2, at 3.45 A. M.? Some betrayed by untrustworthy alarm clocks, some left asleep by too kind friends, some absolved by the coming Varsity game were in the land of dreams; but the rest—those nothing saved, nothing excused, were in the daisy-fields. Long toilsome lines of them straggled through the drizzling wet of the rain, and the positively wetter tall grass. One bowed figure at the head of a column recklessly swung a sickle with grim determination. Behind followed drenched figures, with a bunch of soggy daisies on one arm, and the free hand reaching for more. Rubber boots, fishermen's waders even, were as ineffectual as the lowest rubbers. If the wetness didn't ooze up from the grass and weeds, it drizzled down from the clouds. Why hadn't we cut those daisies the afternoon before? 1905 wondered and 1906 wondered, one mentally, the other audibly, and perhaps the calm cows grazing over the hills wondered, as they approached bundles of daisies with the light of deadly purpose in their eyes, firmly resolved to blow on the said daisies that breath of life which should scatter them over an area of at least ten feet. To and fro plied the wagon at last procured. The cries of 1906 for something to make daisy-chains of, were stilled. More and more systematic grew the toil. The supply met, then exceeded the demand, and finally the last of 1905 struggled up the hill with the last gleanings, and the sun came out smiling on their enthusiastic progress to breakfast.



Senior Year



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Book Shop—GERTRUDE HARTMAN.



THE first time 1905 really grasped the fact that they had reached the fearful dignity of being Seniors, was on the night of the Freshmen Rush, when the classes gathered under the Arch to sing and cheer in the good old rush-night fashion. Then, as we stood there around the door of Pembroke West, in the hush of expectancy that had fallen over the crowd, all eyes were turned inquiringly on us, then, as we vaguely wondered why the singing didn't begin, it came over us as a distinct shock that people were waiting for us, that we, as *Seniors*, must start the class and college songs. For a moment we were dismayed and questions of "How on earth does '97's song begin?" "Start up some one, for goodness sake!" rippled back over 1905's ranks. But after a few such whispered prayers and ejaculations, somehow the songs got started. While the Arch was ringing with "Bryn Mawr, Bryn Mawr, Sing to Bryn Mawr," and the mass of girls was swaying to and fro with the rhythm of the song, animated discussions were being held by worried members of 1905. "Do we cheer 'Anassa Kata' for all the classes? Well, if we do, can we cheer our own cheer for 1903, for we've got to do that? What's that? I don't know how '98's second verse goes!" etc.

Thus had the awful responsibilities of Senior Year swooped down upon us and caught us unawares, and in a measure unprepared—at least so far as details of etiquette went. But after that night's singing under the Arch, we finally had to face the fact that our last year had come, and that we were in a way the head of the college. How will the jocular, jovial, genial class of 1905, play the role of Seniors? This was a question we often asked ourselves, and can still ask when in a reminiscent mood.

On October 14, there appeared on our campus a cosmopolitan congregation of both sexes—who had come from all corners of the earth, not to mention Boston, to tell us to be Peaceful. In other words, it was the fag end of the Peace Conference. How can we ever forget their quaint antics and sayings as they ambled about and poked into our rooms, and how the German said of our Curly as she rushed by to the Grocery Shop—"How ragged she is, and *so* beesy!" And then we gathered in the Chapel and were harangued by Mrs. E. Mead, Baroness Von Sutton, Mr. Burrows, Wayne MacVeagh, and others. Our actions since have taken on a more amicable aspect.

Senior Reception

Slaving hard all the night—
Dance abridged, costumes tight.

Work all day decorating—
Wardens call it devastating.

Give out food at the door—
Told we're rude and much more.

Scrub on Sunday just to see—
Weep on Monday, sorry be!

Chapel scolding, Seniors small—
Barely holding place at all.

Sorry tale and sorry ending,
But the Senior Class is mending.

And a moral I will add—
Serving grapes will make you sad.

HELEN GRIFFITH.

October 28 was the evening of our Oral Supper—the atmosphere tended towards gloominess, which was scarcely alleviated by 1906's chorus of "Oral Books! Oh, Oral Books, Ruesome, Gruesome, Oral Books!"—or our own long-drawn-out "Why, Why, Why." I think we were all inwardly pleased to get away from it.



Bryn Mawr College Girls Celebrate Election

So the young women of to-day have hit upon a new mode of giving vent to their political feelings, a way quite in contrast to the coquettishly feminine "Politics and the Fan," of Addison's time. For many days there *had* been a merry buzz of excitement in the ivied halls of Bryn Mawr College, where a miniature election campaign had been raging.

Torchlight Procession

Last night the excitement reached its highest pitch. Early in the evening the Democrats assembled under Rockefeller Arch, the Republicans under Pembroke Arch, preparatory to starting on the torchlight procession, and the old arches resounded with the merry babble of many girlish voices. The dignity of marching at the head of the procession having fallen to the Democrats, they set out first triumphantly, cheered by the martial strains from an enthusiastic comb band and flaunting such transparencies as "A Bear Possibility" in the eyes of the Republicans. At this insolent sight a strong voice among the Republicans shouted, "Spread out, we're twice as many as the Democrats. Let's make them think we're ten times as many." These noble words were followed by a roar of applause and the Republicans debouched from the arch in a burst of glory. The most casual observer would have seen that the substantial, reliable element in the College had chosen to rally round Teddy's standard. The Republican transparencies were honorably based on fact and less sensational than those of the Democrats; the band sported an esthetic uniform, consisting of a straw visored cap and a red cheesecloth riband over the left shoulder, played higher-grade music and boasted an inspiring drum major, Miss Lynde, in an imported fur cap. As a climax of splendor came Miss Kempie, arrayed in a rough-rider hat and seated in a high cart which four stalwart partisans drew. Beside this dashing replica of Teddy sat a trusted friend holding aloft the honest motto, "Gold not Guilt."

Around the campus the lady patriots passed while many a song, many a huzzah broke the evening stillness. An affecting diversion met the Republicans as they neared the abode of one William Armitage. That faithful adherent of a just cause issued from his wife's conservatory, a benevolent smile illuminating his cheerful face, and expressed himself with a few Roman candles. The Republicans stopped as one man during this touching tribute, and small wonder if tears clouded more than one clear eye. Then, steeling their hearts for the coming fray, they wheeled and marched to Taylor's Hall, where the boisterous Democrats had already installed themselves in the most advantageous seats. Roosevelt dismounted and was escorted with due honor to the chapel door. The sounds that met his august ears were like to bedlam let loose.

Election Rally

Before him in the front seats the vulgar Democrats yelled, "Glory, glory—Parker Davis"—egged on by the melodramatic gesticulations of Miss Goze. With lofty tread the Republicans filed down the aisle and easily drowned the ill-bred display of Democratic

lungs, in the flood of their mellifluous intonings: "We'll hang Parker Davis on a sour apple tree," etc. Miss Lynde was soon beside Miss Goze on the platform where the two might have directed their bands in harmonious accord had not Miss Mason, possessed with a passion of vainglory, stepped upon the pulpit desk and profaned it with her unhallowed foot. This attempt of her rival for an undeserved position of vantage justly roused Miss Lynde's spirit of emulation and with the haste that dignity allowed, she transferred her distinguished person to the gallery, where she might lead above the maddening crowd's ignoble strife. But stung by ambitious jealousy, Miss Goze likewise mounted higher and rumor has it even climbed upon a balcony chair. At this point Miss Lynde, ever noted for the better part of valor, deemed enough had been done to hint to the Democrats their proper place, and she returned below to her devoted party.

It would be vain to attempt a detailed account of the tumultuous meeting that ensued, or to represent the flights which feminine eloquence took. Miss Thayer, the speaker of the Chapel, first introduced the Democratic leader, Miss Parris, who plausibly stated the platform on which she and her deluded followers trustingly stood. Then Roosevelt made a brilliant, though modest speech, convincing and weighty in substance. At some of the most telling parts of his oration the hostile party evinced much bad feeling and emitted frequent hisses which were promptly hissed down by the orderly Republicans. The debate between the two parties then waxed hot. It must be admitted that the Democrats often resorted to idle threats and sarcasm as weapons against the superior logic of their opponents. Miss Po gave a fervid speech whose underlying thought seemed to be founded on the sands of a misconception that our United States would start on a decadence resembling that of the Roman Empire should not Parker prop its crumbling institutions. Miss Lowenthal delivered a frothily sparkling but ineffectual mock eulogy of Roosevelt. There were other well-meaning efforts, among them a harangue from a fanatical Southerner, who closed, foaming at the mouth, with the yell, "Who wants a President who asks a nigger to dinner?" The Republicans were represented by able and gifted speakers whose arguments were unanswerable. Meantime the greatest enthusiasm raged. Cheers, hoots, hisses, roars of laughter and isolated band selections filled the time-honored and venerable chapel. The speaker failed utterly to keep order. Even President Thomas, who sat unostentatiously on the Republican sides, is said to have shown signs of insurrection and to have shouted, "Down with the Democrats!" In the midst of the riotous pell-mell a highly respectable, though outlandish specimen, arose and spoke soulfully and *with notes* for the cause of Swallow and temperance. She was ably seconded by a friend and accomplice. These uplifting remarks were received with jeers and laughter—to such degradation has the American populace sunk!!

College Goes Republican

The voting followed in lower rooms. Need we say that every hall went Republican and that in spite of numerous attempts by the temperance contingents to stuff the polls. Then the glad pomp reascended jubilant to stand on the cane chairs so long consecrated to holier usage, and to sing and cheer uproariously, hilariously, hoarsely far in to the night:*

“One, two, three, four; who are we for?
Roosevelt, Fairbanks, rah! rah! rah!”

By M. G. T.

(Private Correspondent of the *North American*.)

P. S.—Swallow's high-principled followers are reported to have crept back to Merion towards midnight intoxicated—with victory!

*Till Taylor rang.

Although 1905 took no active part in Lantern Night this year, the unusual beauty of the occasion gives it a place in our college life. Heavenly moonlight on the snow, the white dresses of the Freshmen 'neath their but lately donned caps and gowns, and also their gentle plaintive song have left a bewitching memory with us.





The Last of the Mohicans

To think of them two young loidies, Miss Mason and Miss Meigs, so they till me writin' this beootiful play. They call it the "Last of the Moheecans," but, Patrick, whoi they call it the *last* of them, Oi dunno, for it is the *first* iver Oi saw o' them.

Well, as Oi was tellin' yez, me an' me frind Moike Hannagy were sittin' in a hall called "Jim;" probably it was named afther one o' thim Standard Gas people that throws their money aroun' on the colleges nowadays to found liberries, instead of raisin' poor people's wages. There was lots of pretty young gurrils sittin' in the "Jim," what they call'd *graduates*, but they were so young lookin' that Oi dunno what they could ha' graduated from. We was sittin' there, when all at onc't, they began to clap for the currtain to go up. Thin it wint, and Pat, me b'y, Oi wish yez could ha' seen the gran' sight. For sure it made me think o' the ould counthry and the rocks aroun' Killarney. Whoi, the scenery was magni-fi-cint, and painted by the same two cliver loidies what wrote the play. There was caves an' crags an' foine trees jus' loike at home. Some foine strappin' Indeens began to talk together most concerned loike. Just what they were sayin' Oi forgot to listen to, bein' so raymounded of the ould counthry, but it must ha' been funny for the *graduates* were laughin'.

Well, as Oi was about to say, whin Oi took in what was goin' on, Oi saw a foine Indeen, In-Case, Oi think they called him, standin' besoid his frind Chin-your-cook, aiming his big bow and arrer at the top of the hoighest cliff. In the shake of a lamb's tail, a splendid buck fill dead at his fate. "A moighty good shot that," sez Moike to me, "Oi hardly think Oi could ha' done it much better mesilf." "Well, yes," sez Oi, "but Oi'm thinkin' that the fall would ha' killed him onyhow."

Boi-an-boi in came two swate young loidies, Cora an' Alice, a Pathfoinder and a man named Mock-war. With them was a young man in long white legs an' black knee breeches, spicticles over his oiyes, with a head o' hair as red as me own, on which he balonced most gracefully a three cornered hat. Oi niver tho't young loidies was irriverent before, but while this solimn young man was singin' psarrums in a voice fit to brake your hearrt, they made such sounds that they may have bin cryin', but it's afraid Oi am that they were laughin'.

The nixt scene was grrate. Indeens came in an' skulked around the trees, lookin' to see what they could foind, with bows and arrers, hatchets and ivery arm you could think of, even thim little popguns that me b'y Willie shoots at the cats on our back sence

with. Well, they froigten the pore young loidies into high*strikes*, an' the pore gentleman that sang the psarrums in such a thin an' melancholly voice, began to trimble in the legs, till Oi tho' his hat was surely goin' to come off. Oi niver tho't that he'd make anything extry of a foighter; but do yez know, he got killed boi thim Indeens at the furrst attack. The young loidies retoired at onc't into a caive, makin' a most feminin' noise, especially the one with the pretty, fluffy hair, who let enough tearrs fall to fill me own lake of Killarney. Thin the Indeens fairrly dropp'd down precipices out o' soight.

Shorrty afther this, the two Indeens that came in furrst, In-Case an' Chin-your-cook, had an arnest loike conversairtion together. In-Case made oiyes at the other and said "Umph-Ugh" a grate many toimes. Thin an ould gentleman that was on his last ligs, came in cryin' and wantin' fur ter know where were his dear lost childer. In-Case groveled around on the ground to see if he could trace thim, when all of a suddint he picked up a loidy'sgarmint. "What's that?" sez Moike to me, not recognizin' it. "Whoi," sez Oi, "it's one of thim things the king presints to a gentleman whin he's goin' to dub him Knight of the Orrder." "A garter?" sez he. "Exactly so," sez Oi. "It's what the Frinch call a 'Horney-swore.'"

The warr dance which followed was thruly wonderful. It raymoinded me of pore Dan'l McCarty's wake. The Indeens with Tommy'shawks, guns, arrers, feathers in their hair, stamped the ground and raised the "father and mother of a row." Divil a bit could I hear mesilf think for all the racket they were makin' with mouth an' toe. Whin the yellin' subsided, Oi saw that the pretty young gurrls an' Heyward, who was makin' love to them, small wonder, and siveral more were captured and bound. Some of the fiercest Indeens shook Tommyhawks in their faces till the tears began again. Suddintly Mock-war comes in an' makes a gran' speech, an' boi-an'-boi some whoite men come to their riscue an' kill all the Indeens, except one or two that Oi saw skip off, the cowards. It was hard wurruk to kill them; Oi tho't Oi saw one or two kicking after iverybody tho't thim did.

When ivery man had cleared off except the did Indeens, a foight was goin' on on the cliff, an' before Oi had time to see what was happening, Oi saw three limp and lifeless bodies hangin' over the cliff and below the saddest lookin' men, the Pathfoinder and Chin-your-cook, as Oi found out aftherwards, the "Last of the Moheecans." Ah, Patrick, it was a gran' soight.

E. LOINES.



Hockey

After the match games were over the 1905 Hockey Team was given a most charming little entertainment by the 1907 team, on the evening of November 21. It was a very pleasant surprise to the hockey champions, after they had gathered in the Gym, to find preparations made for some sort of a show, and, when the curtains were drawn to see presented a most absurd, but very clever little operetta. One of the great features of the cast was that few of them could keep a tune. The choruses and the solos, the duets and trios, were consequently things to dream of.

1905's Senior Hockey team was as follows:

Forwards—Marshall, Little, Havemeyer, Putnam, Kempton.	Half-backs—Meigs, Denison, Mason,	Full-backs—Sturgis, Longstreth. Goal—Armstrong.
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Scores—1905-1907; 3-0
1906-1908; 6-3
1905-1907; 30-1
1906-1908; 5-0

Finals—1905-1906; 4-2
1905-1906; 1-1
1905-1906; 3-1

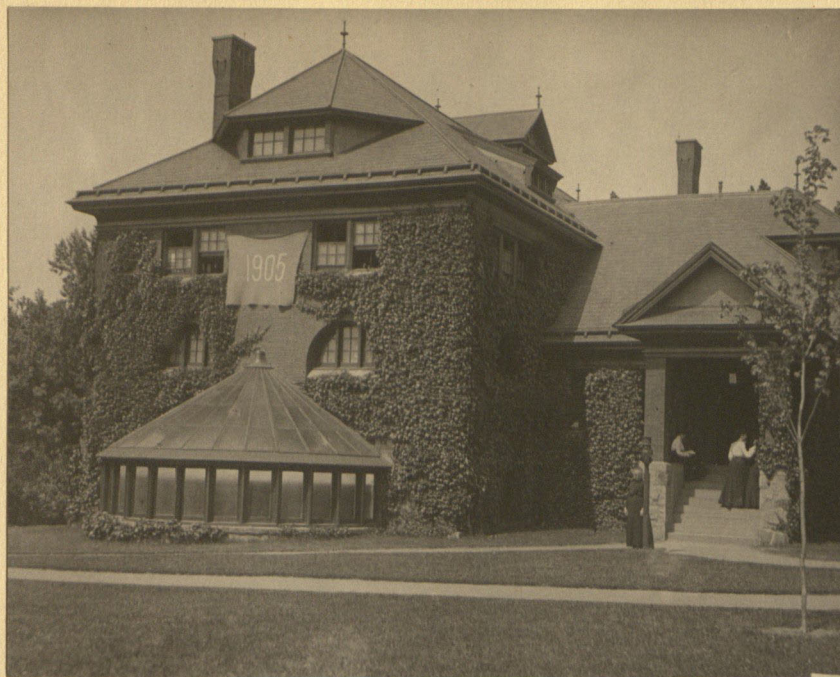
And so 1905 won the championship in Hockey for the third time.

As usual our manly young Mascot, Prosper, was there being fed beneath the Whee flag, helping 1905 in that certain subtle, deft way of his, to win the championship. So when Christmas season came, the class voted unanimously, as one man, to give him as red an outfit as possible, little red sweater, mittens, cap, and sled. And just here let it be mentioned, that red is the most becoming color to that little curly headed lad—and that all the rest of the winter he appeared most bonny therein.

Hockey—Varsity:

Forwards—Marshall, Little (Houghton) Havemeyer, Ford, Wade.	Half-backs—Meigs (Neall) Denison, White.	Full-backs—Hewitt, Bullock. Goal—Armstrong.
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The game with the Ladies' Hockey Team of the Merion Cricket Club ended much to our horror—and surprise—with our defeat, 2-1.



The Grocery Shop

In its Senior year 1905 was given an opportunity of a new and original kind. Still another means was offered to the members of the Class by which they might prepare themselves for the exigencies of life after graduation. They now, in common with the other classes, entered upon their career as shopkeepers, and their experiences in this line were many and varied. The small room in the basement of Rockefeller, which was dignified by the name of the Grocery Shop, became the scene of great activity. In the early fall days it was unsafe for anyone to pass within hailing distance of the basement door if they were not willing to stop and unpack a few dozen boxes, or rush to the station for expected packages. The sound of hammering and bumping echoed afar, and pickle men and agents of all kinds rushed to the scene of action. But when all was ready the shop was indeed a thing to be proud of, its shelves filled with neat rows of boxes and jars, and its counter fairly groaning under a most tempting display. There was nothing lacking in the stock from a three dollar plaster cupid to cream cheese, from sweaters to can openers, or from triscuit to picture postals.

The real excitement, however, came on the momentous occasion when one kept shop for the first time. Is it possible to forget the proud satisfaction of standing behind a real counter, laying down the law in the matter of prices, and handing out chocolate and condensed milk and five-cent slices of cake whose size was left to one's own judgment.

It was an awe-inspiring moment when Miss Thomas visited the shop. One shopkeeper would hastily prompt another, and they both would make a valiant effort to assure the President that they knew all that was to be known about shopkeeping.

"What will you do when the mice get in?" she finally enquired, and before either victim could find an answer to this last bomb she had departed.

No one had thought of mice before, but since that day they have come in lively array and have brought much mystery in their train. An accomplished cat was locked in the shop overnight and left to bring about a triumphant victory. Unfortunately success lay with the other side. Morning came, but the cat had vanished through solid walls and the mice still flourished. Another cat was brought to the field of battle but it, too, found another happy hunting ground and the mice are with us still.

To go back to shopkeeping. At any moment one might be called upon to make sandwiches by the dozen, and then there followed a wild rush for butter and bread and meat. By dint of many scratches and cuts those cans of meat might be opened quickly, but it was discouraging to say the least to find, after one had made a dainty sandwich, that the bread was a month old and the enthusiasm of the customers for sandwiches

abating rapidly. But in time one learned not to make such mistakes as this. One no longer gave the wrong change, overcharged for saltines, and sold the bread for two cents less than the shop is paying for it.

In those early days the newspapers were deeply interested in this novel performance. With what modest pride one stood with one's back carefully turned while some energetic reporter from the *North American* took a few pictures of the shop!

In the lucid intervals between the visits of the customers the powers that be of the Grocery Shop had decreed plenty of work for the weary shopkeepers. There was always stock to be counted, a batch of lemons to be revived by a soak in the basin of water, or worst of all, a barrel of apples to be picked over, and oozy brown objects to be relegated to the cavernous depths of the trash bag.

When one's days of shopkeeping are over one cannot refrain from a sigh of regret. Nobody really minded mangled fingers and stale sandwiches, and in the dim distance the Students Building is slowly looming larger. The only actually objectionable detail was the monthly bill that came in with fatal regularity. It was very neat and attractive looking, that little bill, but woe to the girl who did not pay promptly! The terrible ten per cent. was always lurking around the end of the month waiting for her.

MARGARET M. WHITALL.

A Clipping from the Bryn Mawr Town Topics

The social season of 1905 was opened by a very pretty informal little function called a class tea given by four charming young girls—Miss Lydia Moore, Miss Gertrude Hartman, Miss Elizabeth Goodrich, Miss Amelia Montgomery—in Rockefeller Hall, that "rendezvous" of all the "smart set" in the surrounding country.

The guests began to assemble at about 4 p. m. and the affair continued till about 6 p. m. with much *esprit* and hilarity.

The costumes of all the young women showed much individuality of taste. We are interested in noting, however, this season, a predominating tendency toward handsome red corduroy gowns diversified with red and white flannel which gives a very chic effect.

This smart little affair was followed up throughout the winter by similar functions given every fortnight in the different halls. The social season has been voted by all a decided success.

On January 18, we had our first lesson in Lacrosse, and awkward is a mild term for our behavior. When told to line up against opponents, we stood in two long, neat lines, so eager to learn that we didn't realize the effect we were producing till Wag shouted from the side lines, "Oh, I say, do you think you're dancing a Virginia reel?"

The game seemed likely to become popular but on account of snow and early basketball practice, not much time could be given for it.

January 30! The beginning of Midyears! What more can be said on this subject than has already been expressed in the three preceding most witty editorials on this theme? For Midyears are Midyears, and not the most brilliant among us can make them out anything else.

On February 11, the Seniors were allowed to go to the Alumnæ Meeting in the chapel. The two most important matters under discussion were the Endowment Fund and the question of Alumnæ representation on the Board of Trustees. President Thomas gave a short address of approval and encouragement. The final and official giving up of the May Day Fete made us feel sad. We came away thinking not merely that we were getting near the end of our college life, but to the end of our care free youth and that the burden of the college welfare was resting upon us more than we ever dreamed in our days of greatest Undergraduate responsibility.

For almost a month we had been preparing for the much-talked-of May Day Fete, the hard worked committees had finally systematized proceedings, and Mr. King was already getting in some deadly work at the daily rehearsals. His cry of "Who chose this cast any way?" had become an old story, and the hero and heroine had grown used to his "You're not your part at all!" and other stock remarks. When suddenly, like a thunder bolt hurled in our midst, came the news that the whole scheme must be abandoned. The scaffolding on the library and the green fence about it could not be cleared away by the first of May, owing to somebody's stupid blunder. And with such a setting of bare boards could our picturesque fete be a success? Thus queried the Students' Building Committee, and straightway decided that there could be no May Day this year! 1905 were the chief mourners, for it was their last chance to take part in this festival of which they had heard and talked since Freshman year. But finally they had to submit to the disappointment, and to say goodbye to Robin Hood, and his merry, merry band.

In Memoriam

Mary Helen Ritchie

1872———1905

Bryn Mawr College, Class of '96

On March 3, the Seniors were cheered out of traditional senility by the unwarranted event of a show from the Graduate Club. The Grads. proved themselves like unto Undergrads. by the absurd and clever rendering of a May Day Fete. To begin with, there was a realistic scene of the campus of the Bryn "Martyrs, who did not go to the Scaffold, for the Scaffold came to them." That scaffolding hung before us on the library and between scenes the workmen (Miss Albert and Miss Fernald) pounded away behind the green fence. At the bidding of the May Queen (Miss Boysen), lively representations of St. George's Plaie and Robin Hood were given—bits of the real thing with a careful interspersion of such local color as "By Pegasus!"—"Marry! fellow,—aye, but not until the 17 per cent. are all married." "I will baste thy hide till it be as many colors as a Freshman's hair ribbons." "Thou makest my head to sing as vilely as do the Sophs. in Pem West." By careful observation, each of the Robin Hood cast-that-might-have-been was able to pick herself out on the stage, and laughed while shedding a tear to see how good she could be made. The cheerful evening ended with fortune-telling by the May Queen, and dancing and eating by everybody.

The annual record-marking took place on the evenings of March 15 and 20. A special interest was lent this year, by the cup given to the Athletic Association by Miss Applebee, and called the Constance M. K. Applebee Cup, which is to be annually presented to the girl winning the most points. This was presented to Theodora Bates, who won $20\frac{1}{2}$ points.

The following world's records for women were broken:

Standing high jump, 3 ft. 6 in., by T. Bates.

Running high jump, 4 ft. $3\frac{1}{2}$ in., by T. Bates.

Standing broad jump, 7 ft. 8 in., by L. Marshall.

Hop, skip, jump, 25 ft. 6 in., by H. Kempton.

1905 won the contest with $59\frac{1}{2}$ points.



Annotated Edition of the Suppergag of Hellar Europeam

I.

Before the fading glows of even died
Methought a host of female voices cried:
 "When all the dinner is prepared within
Why wait these hungry wedding guests outside?"

II.

At last Po came, and Snip, who stood before
The vast crowd, shouted: "Open then the door
 You know how little while we have to stay
Before that Chapel Service—deadly bore!"

III.

And now th' occasion reviving old desires,
All thought of silence from the soul retires,
 As Snip the sovereign of this festive board,
Recalls to life and strength souls' smouldering fires.

IV.

The Jabberwok was gone; oh, sad to say!
Nor heard we our loved "Belle of Avenue A,"
 But still the merriment flowed sparkling on
As Emily arose in bride's array.

V.

As she sat down, methought I heard a strain
Of Yankee Doodle. Hark! It came again.
 A soft and plaintive female melody
That scarce from weeping could my eyes refrain.

VI.

The wedding guests of every race and clime
Break forth in sparkling speech from time to time;
 A blue-eyed Freshman, golden-haired and suave
Awakens flutters with his smile sublime.

VII.

You know, my friends, with what a brave carouse
The daring Goze called up the Dean's House,
While Mrs. Horn tried to restrain her babe
And cast appealing glances at her spouse.

VIII.

Then followed down the aisle a moving row,
Their maidenly athletic grace to show
By jumping. Then with knives and forks aloft
Their gentle limbs in all directions go.

IX.

Then, ah! the dainty white petunia rose,
Youth's fair, sweet-scented manuscript t' disclose.
The Cricket followed with her merry chirp,
The Apple Girl her cheerful visage shows.

X.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend
Ere we into Alumnaship descend,
To live forever without melody—
Sans joy—*sans* song—*sans* Prentiss—to life's end.

XI.

And lately by the Denbigh door agape
Came shining thro' the dusk old Joseph's shape,
Bearing a table on his shoulders. Lo!
The Orals! Weeping maidens come and go.

XII.

And thus the minutes sped till chapel bell,
With gloomy echoes broke the festive spell;
The wedding guests with murmuring disperse
To go to Chapel Service? Who can tell?

Notes

I. "Host of female voices." This rather ambiguous phrase describes the gentle murmur which pervades the halls when 1905 assembles.

II. "Po," known by various other names, such as "Wild English Rose," "Madonna." A mythological character supposed to have scorned matrimony.

III. "All thought of silence from the soul retires." It must be recalled that "Snip" was present.

IV. "The Jabberwok." One of Hawthorne's Twice (?) Told Tales. "Belle of Avenue A." A little gem in the musical world in the era of Billy McNeal.

VI. It has been found necessary to omit a description of his golden mustache on account of the rhyme scheme. Its existence must here be noted.

VII. "Goze." See Ernest Seton Thompson's "Wild Animals I Have Known."

X. "Alumnaship." A malady accompanying old age.

X. "Melody." A tune (?).

XI. "The Orals." An occupation much spoken of in the Scriptures as accompanied by weeping and gnashing of teeth.

XII. "To go to Chapel Service? Who can tell?" A jest, of course. An obsolete form of conundrum.

ALICE D. JAYNES.

On the evening of April 3 a steady pattering of feet down the road towards the Deanery sounded over the campus, and the stately colored gentleman who officiates at the door was kept busy answering the busy tinkling of the bell. All in our very best dresses and feeling a bit nervous we were huddled in the Deanery hall. Then, led on by some brave soul among us, we at last sought the room where President Thomas and Miss Donnelly stood ready to receive us. Soon we were seated around the room in a stiff semicircle, while some of us, wishing to prove ourselves quite at our ease, passed the chocolate and coffee. Miss Thomas led us tactfully through a list of topics, such as the weather, basketball, and the orals, each of which we disposed of in a few jerky sentences. It was a curious scene and made one almost believe that these words of our song are true,

"You can easily see,
We're not cut out for societee."

But after this first reception the constraint wore off somewhat, and we found ourselves chatting quite easily about the chapel 1905 is to give the College in the future, and other subjects dear to our hearts.





To try to be consistent is a worthy aim. 1905 felt this to be true, and endeavored to apply this principle to their gymnasium work. To say that they succeeded wonderfully might seem like boasting—yet it is certainly true. For their last Gym drill was even worse than their first. On this day they came all dressed in fantastic fashion; about their waists they had tied white cheesecloth sashes, beneath their chins bows of the same, white shoes and stockings replaced the customary black ones, while their hair was brushed severely back and twisted in piquant psyche knots from the ends of which enormous white bows waved and nodded. Proudly they fell in, marking time vigorously with toes pointed carefully in. Around the room they pranced mid snickers of mirth from an admiring audience in the gallery. “In position—rest!” roared Miss Garlock. At this command, as one man, 1905 lay gracefully upon its back, amid the roars from the gallery, the smirks of Miss Bishop and the subdued rage of Miss Garlock. In this fashion the drill proceeded. It was hard on Miss Garlock, we all felt, but she rose nobly to the occasion, and made us all repeat the drill!

Eureka

1907 to 1905—April 15, 1905

PROFESSOR CASEDREWS	Gertrude Hill
TELEGRAPH BOY	Margaret Ayer
WALKING DELEGATE	Grace Brownell
FIRST BRYN MAWR GIRL	Marjorie Bullivant
SECOND BRYN MAWR GIRL	Alice Gerstenberg
FIRST WORKMAN	Katherine Kerr
SECOND WORKMAN	Anna Buxton
1905 DREAM MAIDEN	Minnie List
1906 DREAM MAIDEN	Marion Warren
1907 DREAM MAIDEN	Elfrida Rossmassler
1908 DREAM MAIDEN	Lelia Woodruff
POTENTATE OF EUREKA	Virginia Hill
RUNS-IT-ALL, HIS PRIME MINISTER	Ellen Thayer
FLUNK BOY	Anne Young
PRESIDENT OF SELF-GOVERNMENT	Esther Williams

BRYN MAWR GIRLS

E. Ecob	H. Seaver	M. Cable	M. Ferguson
M. List	M. Warren	B. Stewart	

WORKMEN

L. Windle	D. Craig	D. Robins
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WIVES

A. Brandies	M. Putnam	A. Hawkins
K. Reed	M. Ristine	R. Christy

SOLDIERS

E. Daw	A. Cannon	G. Kellen	E. Wright
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PAGES

H. Houghteling	A. Winter	M. Blodgett
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PROLOGUE—Margaret Augur.
ACT I.—Taylor Corridor.
ACT II.—The Campus.
ACT III.—The Island of Eureka.
ACT IV.—Same as Act I.
TIME.—In the Future.

The night before the show I remarked tactfully to one of the authors of the play and to a large part of the cast: "Well, I hope to goodness it isn't about B. M. C. in the year 2000! That sort of show bores me to death!" A sudden silence fell upon the company and they listened rather sadly I thought as I told them of the glories of our Uncle Tom's Cabin. Well, their show *was* about the year 2000, but its rarefied atmosphere seemed to have had a marvelous effect upon the Class of 1907, for they could paint for all the world like Pico della Mirandola, they could dance like fairies, they could sing like nightingales, and singing surely had never been their forte.

The first act was most touching with its one pathetic professor, suggesting as he did intangibly all our faculty at once. How we hoped that that dreadful telegraph boy would be permanently suppressed, and that the professor would stay. But, no! As he tottered from the stage I saw a teardrop quiver on the eyelash of the girl sitting next me—all of us who were truly tender-hearted wept. But the noble heroism so typical of Bryn Mawr displayed in the next act woke us from sorrow. What girl of spirit could have endured for an instant the idle bravado of the workmen or the coy insolence of the walking delegate? The next act rewarded their heroism, for any one of us would have gone on a voyage in a boat of even quainter construction than the "Mary Jane," in order to reach the beautiful land of Eureka. We all remember the mixture of dignity and coquetry by which Runs-it-all was won. We remember with what a thrill of horror we saw the mission seemingly fall through, and the joyful climax when the college was saved; when all the Potentate's wives and the money were finally secured.

Who of us will ever forget 1907's Freshman play, for it was a true Freshman play in its fantastic originality and its loyal adherence to time-honored jokes. Inscrutable are the ways of Fate, Freshmen and College Presidents. I wonder if we are so very sorry that 1907 gave their Freshman play in their Sophomore year, and to us instead of to 1906!

ALICE MEIGS.

On the evening of April 28, a series of three short plays: "Mrs. Pendleton's Four-in-Hand," "As Strangers," and "Columbine's Marriage,"—were given by some energetic Alumnæ and undergraduates. As the performance was for the Student Building Fund the Gymnasium was well filled, but to say that it was a great success would perhaps be stretching a point. However, it at least afforded vast entertainment to the cast.

In the Senior year the longing often comes over one for the more care free jovial spirit of the first years of college life. It was with this feeling strong upon them that 1905 gave their dance to 1906. On the evening of April 29, as Sophomores and Freshmen once more they capered about the gymnasium, which had been made festive in time-honored fashion with old red paper flowers and the class banners. It was a joy to see the old familiar costumes make their appearance again, to hear the hackneyed songs, and to do the time-worn stunts once more. We only hope that 1906 found it as pleasant to be young again as did the weary old Seniors.

It might seem that 1905 is a stronger advocate of comfort than of romance, since it voted that the Sunrise Mayday Ceremony should take place one hour later than hitherto. 1907 was up first and had hung dainty May baskets on all our doors. After serenading Miss Thomas, the Class trailed over to Yarrow, but the inmates might know we liked not at all a good time without their having a part in it. It is said by some that unrepeatable invocations were heard to come from certain windows.

Next we adjourned to Rockefeller tower and the "maudlin" hymn; but later came the best. Can you ever forget how we marched from Rock to our May Pole, with the fiddlers going before, playing "Nancy Lee?" and how we thrilled with pride at "Helen our Beautiful May Queen," as she stood with Miss Thomas beside her? After that came the huge college circle and speeches and reporters, snapshots, and then lectures for many weary hours.

The Glee Club Concert, given the evening of May 5, was an unusually good one, and 1905 felt justly proud of the leader, Helen Kempton.

Sainte Jeanne La Pucelle

Junior-Senior Supper

The Players

MESSENGER	<i>Phæbe Crosby</i>
JEANNE DARC	<i>Lucia Ford</i>
ISABEAU ROMÉE, Jeanne's Mother	<i>Josephine Katzenstein</i>
JACQUES DARC, Jeanne's Father	<i>Helen Wyeth</i>
PIERRE, Brother to Jeanne	<i>Ruth Archbald</i>
MARGOT, Sister to Jeanne	<i>Marion Houghton</i>
EDMOND AUBREY, Maire of Domremy	<i>Marion Mudge</i>
ETIENNE MORELLE, the Bird of Passage	<i>Adelaide Neall</i>
CHARLES THE DAUPHIN	<i>Ethel Bullock</i>
DUNOIS	<i>Jessie Hewitt</i>
COURT FOOL	<i>Ruth Archbald</i>
ARCHBISHOP OF RHEIMS	<i>Frances Simpson</i>
DOCTOR OF PHYSIC	<i>Maria Smith</i>
PEDDLER OF RELICS	<i>Mary Withington</i>
BISHOP OF BEAUVAIS	<i>Anna MacClanahan</i>
ARCHANGEL MICHAEL	<i>Helen Smith</i>

Court-Ladies, Courtiers, Knights, Pages, Priests, Peasants, Clerks.

The Place

ACT I.—Jeanne's Home in Domremy.

ACT II.—The Palace at Chinon.

ACT III.—The Cathedral at Rheims.

ACT IV.—The Market-place of Rouen.

Given at Bryn Mawr College on Friday, May 12, 1905. Written by Helen Moss Lowengrund. Presented by Anna MacClanahan.

To sit as a guest at the Junior-Senior Supper is a great occasion, as we saw from very far off, from the time when, indeed, from the gallery we used to be the cats who looked at the king. It was one of our instant pleasures, I think, on the night of May 12, that now at last we were the king. As such we were lavishly entertained—entertained with all the good spirit and friendliness 1906 has always shown towards us. The Gym looked not the Gym for our benefit. The apparatus swung dimly behind a film of yellow and white bunting that walled in the room completely, and long tables laden with flowers and favors stretched down on either side. And the play, which was of course the greatest bounty tendered us that evening, had all the interest of being original, and of a different sort from anything else we have seen in college. A trial in the direction of plays we have lately been seeing on the world's stage, such as "The Proud Prince" and "Mary of Magdala," "Sainte Jeanne d'Arc la Pucelle," as the beautifully illuminated programs announced the play, was written and acted for us, with the greatest enthusiasm—it seemed with enthusiasm not only for giving us pleasure, but also for the old impressive story itself. The acting, from Miss Ford the heroine down, was exceptionally good; the costuming, the scenery, the staging in general, the by-play, were all extremely careful and successful. There was much variety in the scenes—which were first in the pleasant cottage of Jeanne's parents, then at court, then at the Cathedral of Rheims, then in the market-place of the trial—a variety that served well to reconstruct for us the strange, real contrasts in the historical story. Indeed, the story of the play is one that one is always grateful for having brought again to one's mind.

After the play came of course the farewell songs, the speeches of the Class Presidents and the passing of the Loving Cup. Then, indeed, our spirits were dashed a little for Alumnahood seemed close ahead. Nor could we realize that our Junior-Senior Supper, that event so long looked forward to, could really have come and gone.

HOPE EMILY ALLEN.



To sit as a guest at the Junior-Senior Supper is a great occasion, as we saw from very far off, from the time when, indeed, from the gallery we used to be the cats who looked at the king. It was one of our instant pleasures, I think, on the night of May 12, that now at last we were the king. As such we were lavishly entertained—entertained with all the good spirit and friendliness 1906 has always shown towards us. The Gym looked not the Gym for our benefit. The apparatus swung dimly behind a film of yellow and white bunting that walled in the room completely, and long tables laden with flowers and favors stretched down on either side. And the play, which was of course the greatest bounty tendered us that evening, had all the interest of being original, and of a different sort from anything else we have seen in college. A trial in the direction of plays we have lately been seeing on the world's stage, such as "The Proud Prince" and "Mary of Magdala," "Sainte Jeanne d'Arc la Pucelle," as the beautifully illuminated programs announced the play, was written and acted for us, with the greatest enthusiasm—it seemed with enthusiasm not only for giving us pleasure, but also for the old impressive story itself. The acting, from Miss Ford the heroine down, was exceptionally good; the costuming, the scenery, the staging in general, the by-play, were all extremely careful and successful. There was much variety in the scenes—which were first in the pleasant cottage of Jeanne's parents, then at court, then at the Cathedral of Rheims, then in the market-place of the trial—a variety that served well to reconstruct for us the strange, real contrasts in the historical story. Indeed, the story of the play is one that one is always grateful for having brought again to one's mind.

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HOPE EMILY ALLEN.



Basketball, Spring, 1905

When 1905 had its last chance at Basketball, the championship was lost to the ancient and honorable foe, 1906. The team was:

Marshall (Captain),
Denison,
Shields,
Kempton,
Mason,
Thurston,
Lynde,
McKeen,
Jaynes.

Subs who played were—Havemeyer,
LeFevre,
Bates.

The games played were as follows:

May 9—1905 *vs.* 1908—1905 won 3-1.
May 11—1905 *vs.* 1908—1905 won 13-3.
May 18—1905 *vs.* 1906—1906 won 6-2.
May 20—1905 *vs.* 1906—1906 won 4-2



Mamie's Letter Home

DEAR MOTHER:

Life *Jogs Along Genially* here at college. I am *Earnestly Learning* to *Consider Meetings Urgent*. I try to *Manifest General Helpfulness* to the upper classmen and *Actively Hunt Care*. They keep a *Wise Silence* which is *Mainly Gracious Stolidity* that *Suits Anybody*, so they are *Growing in Angelicness* daily. One *Essentially Levelheaded Lady* says that I *Must Risk Nothing* and that I must be a *Jovial, Steady Worker*, and she ought to know, for she *Judges Coursebooks Systematically*; then the *Hardy Half-breed Jester* with the great *Economic Gift*, tells me I am *Always Delightfully Juvenile* and quite a *Cheerful Wight*, but a perfect *Little Flirt*. You remember how my *Mental Brilliancy* at school used to *Attest Various Talents*. Well, instead of the proposed *Future Chemical Career*, I think I shall follow my *English Leanings* and am trying to *Emulate Low Buildings*. I want to be an *Academic Marvel* and *Decoy High Credits Artistically*, like a *Modern Maiden Wordsworth*, or like my friend the *Happy Goat*, who is a *Meritorious Board-meeting Attender*.

But, do you know, it seems that *Brilliancy Wins Second Place* here, for it is the *Husky, Popular Kind* that *Captivates Men's Hearts*. Although one *Knows Endless German*, one is a *Rather Slow Babe* not to *Advocate Hockey* and *Attain Large Muscles*. Now, there is one girl *Of Great Energy* who *Manages Ejected Heroines* of basketball with *Even Trust-worthy Kindness* and tries to *Make Home Beautiful*.

The *Magnificent Bow Worn* by our *Loved Captain* *Magnetizes the Most Logical Judgment*, and the *Easy, Harmless Autocrat* of *Temperate Behavior*, who *Gets Very Sporty Hats* and has a *Model Hair Arrangement* as well as *Accurately Manicured Hands*. Then, too, everybody *Likes Andrews Babes* and *Fashions Extraordinary Merriments* to *Make Sunshine Observable* for them. With *Collegiate Negotiations Effectually Managed*, we were able to give a show one night in which I *Executed Pompous Jub-Jub-bird*.

I've just made the choir, for the *Choir Director* said that my *Absolutely Adequate Manners* made up for my being a *Heedless Warbler*. You know even *Maryland's Worst Singer* can *Find Jubilant Harmonies*. There is a *Madcap Mimic* on the choir (she's such a *Kute Fairy*, yet she has a *Judicious Temperament*), and also a *Tuneful Highjumping Bard*, who immensely *Enjoys Plaintive Harmonies*.

Our *Efficient Lawyer* cousin called yesterday. He is *Altered Much*, for you know he is the kind that an *Engagement Makes Beaming*; he usually *Murmurs Bitter Nothings*, but this time he was an *Effervescent Hilarious Talker*, because he is *Looking Marriage-*

ward. He called his fiancée "*Europe's Little Star*" and a "*Retiring Damsel*," although she *Has Marvelously Attenuated Tallness* and an *Authoritative Pugnose*. Nevertheless, she is a *Modest Thing*, and *Keeps Living Home*, at the same time *Regarding Longingly Japan* for their honeymoon. He thinks college girls are *A Matrimonial Menace*; he ought to know from his *Accumulated Flirtations*. To-morrow I am going to tea with an *Aristocratic Fable Writer* of *Extremely Fine Scholarship* with an *Habitual English Attitude*. Her *Executive Fashionable Leadership* *Fascinates* me; I'll try not to *Encourage Merry Laughter*, and *Meditate Rather More* when in her *Cordial Placid Presence*. She always *Greets Kindly* and talks about how she *Judges Making Jokes* a bore. She *Has Regal Serenity* because she is a Senior. *Nineteen Five*, in fact, *Is A Leader*.

And now, good-bye. As ever,

MOTHER'S GENIAL TREASURE.



Senior Springtime

As one lies stretched out on the grass of the hillside fully awake to the dearness of the college campus, now that the end is almost near, the hours speed by as if startled by your jealous care. During the first three springs, secure in your knowledge of others still to come, there was always a carelessness in your pleasure, but now the denser, greener leaves, since the blossoms have come and gone, and the silvery dandelion blows, standing like little ghosts in the field grass, tell of the flood tide of the spring. Its very fullness seems to tell you of its fleeting.

Poetry is true and stories are real, out here, where the swaying maple branches reach, and spread their inconstant shade, while all things have an inner meaning. Putting a grass blade as a marker between the leaves—so strong is this power of simple enjoyment—you abandon the imaginary world of wood, of town and castle, just to watch the long grasses stirring in the wind that haunts the earth, bend to catch their own shadows as they pass. The wind blowing straight over the hills from the West is strong with the full bounty of early summer, for it bears along the sweetness of far fields and the coolness of the many waters it has passed over. The full throb of living seems always to have dwelt behind those hills, for you have watched how spring first rode down over their summits and slopes in faint trailing robes of green. It seems you cannot give it up, this old way that spring had of coming to you. Threading the deep bladed grass between your fingers, you dwell with almost painful eagerness upon a belated sojourner of the earlier spring, a last lingering violet at your feet.

The leaves just over your head seem to move to the twittering of birds, in the trees scattered singly through the open sunny field sound outpourings of song, while from the securer shelter of the woods drift the sweet stray notes that can only float from the falling call of the hermit thrush. You are richly dowered, you little birds, for your songs will be carried away in memories, and even through the long aisles of years may be caught the echo of notes that were heard when the heart was stirred.

You look to the whitish green buttons of daisy buds, to the bluebird that, alighting on the grass like a bit of blue daylight fallen through, hunts grubs for his feathered family, and does not sing. But it all seems to hurry you on, telling as it does of the passing of spring. As the shadows grow cold, you come away in thoughtful happiness, for now at the last moment you know that the purple of coming violets will borrow its depth from this one tarrying on the campus, that the West wind will blow the sweeter for the fragrance of these grassy fields, and that skies will be the bluer for having once looked up to them from your books.

ELEANOR LODER.

Saying Good-bye to the Halls

May 22

It was one o'clock and for the last time Taylor bell and the siren were telling us our morning lectures were over and we must hasten back to ragout of beef and afterwards to class meetings. But to-day, from every hall, we poured, hot, weary and sad with our dear old tattered gowns bulging as usual in the breeze, and our battered caps setting at all angles on our heads. When gradually we had all assembled on the Senior steps, our rosy cheeked Emily impersonated Brutus and gave, for the Class of 1905, a dying oration to our academic work. We liked to have Emily do this. We liked to have as a representative of our class, a girl who could get one of the highest records in college work ever attained at Bryn Mawr; who could play basketball well; whom the class all knew and liked; and yet to whom all this was so easy that the roses and roundness were still in her cheeks. When we had sung good-bye to all the denizens of Taylor from Miss Thomas to Nelson, we sedately ambled over to Dalton, singing as we went to keep up our spirits while the lucky underclassmen who weren't saying good-bye to Bryn Mawr tore merrily along beside us, rushing for the front places, the better to hear our witty speeches. Jaynesie informed us of our future work in the scientific world in kindergartenal laboratories, and then we said farewell to all the inhabitants of Dalton and passed on singing, as we marched, our swan song to Denbigh, Merion and Radnor. At the Infirmary Po told us of agonies suffered there, not the least of which was the "Cookoo" chanted to cheer the suffering patients by dear helpful little friends from the back of Merion. Deedle then hobbled up the steps of the Gym and detailed, amid hisses and cheers, our athletic trials and troubles. It was done in Deedle's quaint funny way, but here and there we suspected a Gozian touch.

After we had heard Miss Thomas warn 1906 about orals, etc., with us as an awful example, and had sung to Rockefeller, we gathered under Pembroke Arch and *nice old* Helen expressed our feelings and ideas about what we had hoped and attempted in college, and what Bryn Mawr had meant to us. Then after alternating Junior-Senior Supper songs with the loyal Juniors, and singing our songs again to the jolly Sophomores, as the bell rang out two o'clock, we separated and went our various ways to our different halls.

The grave old Seniors are out now in the wide, wide world. As an academic class we had said good-bye. But for us, as individuals, it surely must have been only *au revoir*.

CARLA DENISON.

Our last Sunday evening meeting, on May 28, was held out of doors, down outside of Radnor. It was a beautiful spring evening, with long shadows lying across the campus, and soft sunset lights. 1905 was there in a body at this their last meeting, and seated on the cool grass, listened quietly and rather sadly to the leader, Helen Sturgis. A nice earnest talk from Helen, a number of the favorite hymns, a quiet word or two from the few who felt moved to speak, long pauses when the only sound was the twittering of the birds in and out of the ivy—and then this last meeting was over.

The Second Olympic Games

On Saturday, June 3, 1907 came by appointment to Pembroke Arch and were escorted happily down the Gulph Road to the Olympic Field where two years before we, as 1903's guests, had striven at the goodly Spartan feats. The modern, the mercantile age seemed to melt away as we gazed on them undergoing the wheelbarrow race and eat-as-many-peanuts-as-you-can-fast in the true Greek spirit of poetry, which we have heard so much about that we now readily recognize it. The enthusiasm and deftness displayed in the archery and three-legged race could only have been gained after long, rigid training. But the chariot race was the newest and most popular event, three prancing steeds, straining under the weight of the heavy metal chariot and the difficulty of getting a good grasp on it, while the noble charioteer, whom we noticed was chosen chiefly for his diminutive proportions was huddled in a dignified heap on the chariot's jolting floor. The last event, of course, was the obstacle race, and as of yore we had to hold our sides with mirth as some of our less slender friends struggled to disengage themselves from the tenacious and loving embrace of the barrels, and finally emerged with open-work Gym skirts. Brownie Neff, the final victor, wore the laurel crown. As we sat down to lemonade and sandwiches Curly and Po went through their usual stunt of chasing the cows upon us, to the great pleasure of the real owner. I have always felt that we should have paid the cow owner for a glass of milk a certain A—— McK—— swiped off of one of the aforementioned cows, in a moment of unquenchable thirst. As usual we sat around and sang to each other all the songs we knew and then walked slowly home, up the hill, thankful in our hearts for such a heavenly day and for the general all-round niceness of 1907.

EDITH M. LONGSTRETH.

The less said the sooner mended—we will only mention briefly, therefore, that on the evening of June 3, the Class of 1905 gave a reception to the faculty and dignitaries of the College.

The Baccalaureate sermon was preached by Bishop MacVickar on the evening of June 4, in the College Chapel.

President Thomas gave her luncheon to the Senior Class on Monday, June 5. It was a hot sunny day, so that the long tables spread on the shady porch and out under the trees behind the Deanery looked very pretty and festive. The light dresses and summer hats of the Seniors added to the air of gayety. President Thomas gave a charming little address to her guests at the close of the luncheon, in which she bade them goodbye and success from their Alma Mater, urging them to cling to their Bryn Mawr ideals, and have her welfare always at heart, and inviting them cordially to return often, and to feel that they would still have a place in Bryn Mawr.

Our Senior Class Supper

On Monday evening, June 5, was held the Senior Supper of the illustrious Class of 1905. One and all, at 9.15 filed slowly into the Pembroke dining room to the good old tune of the Rush Song, and took seats according to directions from "sentries posted" at the door. Joy filled their hearts at the sight of the tables, joy explicable only by the meagerness of their purses—for behold, the decorations were all wild clover, and *not* luxurious exotics from Battle's. At each plate was an edition-de-luxe of the songs of the Class of 1905, together with a dinner card similar to the following:

"Who can ever forget Miss T. Bates,
So highly endowed by the fates,
She can jump, she can sing,
She can turn a handspring
And write better poetry than Yeates,"

while under each glass of water, coyly reposed a bright new 1905 penny. The festivities opened with wild applause for the Toastmistress, Dilly Marshall.

Soon the venerable walls of Pembroke began to re-echo with songs and toasts which continued throughout the dinner. Gozey Mason, the first speaker of the evening, was introduced as the Class Prophet, and doled out futures in clever, humorous rhyme.

Miss Thurston next spoke on "Home Sunshine" and gave some charming little sketches of homes of 1905 graduates, sketches of filial devotion and obedience, even on the

part of one or two self-government celebrities, who were forced at last to renounce their independence and do as they were told, even to the point of putting on rubbers.

After more singing and eating, Louise Chapin Marshall rose in her seat again and introduced the subject of hockey by a short anecdote which went like this:

On the hockey field one day, a 1905 forward's missing a beautiful pass, caused Miss Meigs to murmur something inappropriate. "Po, how could you swear before Miss Applebee," said the Captain, whereat Po crossly retorted, "Well, how was I to know Miss Applebee wanted to swear first!" Miss Havemeyer then gave a short and amusing toast to Hockey and 1905.

Not long after Miss Havemeyer's speech, Miss Blodgett was called upon to "Toast" the "vein of pathos in our class, which at times is almost akin to the comic." More singing and gorging of good food. Then Margaret Nichols, with the assistance of the entire class, rendered a revised version of "Good Gravy," in which the tale of a "chicken settin' easy on an egg" brought down the house. "Good Gravy" reminded the Seniors of the various talents of a few, and so, during the course of the evening, Isy was called on for the "Belle of Avenue A," Curls for the "Jabberwok," and Freddie for a dance.

About the middle of the evening, as Gozey was retiring (to get even with C. C. Clarke), the door opened, and in came Linda Lange, bearing a huge bunch of American Beauties from the Class of 1903 to its Freshmen.

"Rosebuds and love to you, 1905,
For we know that your hearts are sad;
But nothing that waits you out in the world
Can rob you of what you've had.

"Rosebuds and love to you, 1905,
A salute and a cheer as you pass;
We send you our heartfelt sympathy,
Poor little sister class."

After a pause of intense appreciation there came more singing and more toasts. Nan Hill recited a sweet little poem about the Fairies of Bryn Mawr, and Isabel Lynde gave an amusing description of 1905's debut into society next winter. Meigs followed soon with an account of the Trials of a Coach, ending with a call for Miss Marshall's basketball version of "Eyes of Blue." With much reluctance Dilly overcame her bashful modesty and was rewarded by resounding applause.

At this moment, the class clamored so loudly for its 17 per cent. that finally Lydia Moore, Anna Müller, Mabry Parks and Putty, under compulsion of the latter, got up and tore round the tables. Miss Le Fevre, mortally offended because the Prophet had seen no conjugal bliss in her future, astounded (?) the audience by announcing her engagement—at Keith's.

Else Henry's speech, which followed, was one of the funniest of the evening, for in her description of the happy state of "Marriage," she charmingly described the future lazy luxury of sylph-like Carla, and the housewifely industry of our practical-minded, economical Crick.

The last toast of the evening was of course to the Class of 1905, after which the Hockey loving-cup was passed around the tables, and the health of each Senior drunk deep. "Auld Lang Syne" followed, and the Supper finally came to its close about 12.30 with the Class Song and "Gracious Inspiration."

HELEN R. STURGIS.

Planting of Our Class Tree

On the slope towards the athletic field, where the Class of 1905 has tread so often, cheerful alike in victory and defeat, we have placed our class tree. Once more then in hockey season, our crimson will be spread to the breeze in the form of numberless scarlet leaves, and once more our Freshmen will probably think of their Juniors so scattered now. The tree will grow even as 1905 grows more loyal and glorious, and to the countless classes that pass by it will sing hopefully of the days when we its children return to join hands and sing again in the shade. But to *us*, it will sing a gentle song of deeper melody—of a night in June, 1905, when the doors of Pembroke opened at the last strains of "Bryn Mawr to Thee," and a throng of sad maidens sang the Greek "Pallas Athene," as they went through the damp grass and the thick white daisies. It will tell of the quiet night, so dark and moonless, and how the stars leaving only a few scattered sentinels in the heavens, seemed to have come down among the trees as shining fireflies; how each girl in the wide circle around our tree, in turn buried a bright 1905 penny at its roots, and with the penny, a tribute of love and devotion to her class. The leaves will stir gently indeed as they repeat to us the farewell song, followed by that of our class, which though we may be parted still identifies us all with the same old 1905. Our little scarlet oak will always be to us the source of these memories and of infinitely more. Then let us often return to join hands around it, let us love the memories of that night in June, and let us keep the friendship which will always make our lives brighter and more useful.

EMILY SHIELDS.



The Senior Bonfire

On the night of June 6, 1905 had its last fling at old-time irresponsible fun. Amid the encouraging murmurs of the multitude, and the applause of delighted families, the procession started from Pembroke Arch and marched between the long rows of swinging lanterns down to the well-known place for Bonfires.

The most noteworthy performance of the evening was an original rendering of the play "Robin Hood." We were determined to give some inkling of our marvelous skill in that line since we had been denied full display of it. Nothing could have given a better idea of our histrionic talents than the drama that ensued. Wonderful was the versatility of rôle displayed by each character. Robin Hood himself, at times, lost his identity in the character of Magua, the villainous Huron, while Allen-a-Dale displayed an amazing multi-personality: Topsy in an abandon of childish wickedness; Cupid's light airs and graces; the more stately tones and gestures of the wife of Bath. Friar Tuck's attitude of humble benignity had a familiar air about it and in a moment the well-known accounts of our beloved "Uncle Tom" were heard bewailing the depravity of his "poor young massa," who in his turn was carrying on a spirited dialogue in the Delaware lingo with the versatile Uncas. The performance was interrupted at appropriate moments by melodious outbursts from the band. But the drama was abruptly terminated by a sudden incursion of the wall and fence of Rockefeller. The actors ended the play in an original manner by casting their robes into the flames.

As the flimsy fragments floated wildly upwards a little band of sturdy figures clad in red gym suits emerged into the fire-lit circle and went through an unequaled presentation of our world-honored Gym contest. Our Dr. Smith far surpassed the original and Miss Bessy Bell Little kept the line in order with the skill of a trainer of beasts. Never a syllable of dissent was heard when the victory in the contest was unanimously awarded to 1905 by the competent faculty judges—Drs. Keasby, Jones and Horn, who in the process of passing judgment vouchsafed certain well-known opinions that evoked bursts of appreciative merit from the audience.

Then issued from the throng three woe-begone poets' figures. Their long, lank shapes and still lankier locks of hair, their Byronic collars and the inspired frenzy in their rolling eyes, plainly showed their divine calling. They sang a harmonious but pitiful plaint about their long, weary efforts in the matter of verse. After this selection Izzy sang, for the last time, "The Belle of Avenue A," and, amid the tearful protests of all, hurled an effigy of the belle into the flames. Sadly 1905 sang a farewell to basketball as Dilly precipitated a brand-new ball on the top of the burning pile, and

hockey, too, received a passing cheer as Wag stepped forward to hurl a familiar rubber disc on the funeral pyre.

As the remains of 1905's athletic trophies blazed away, the class formed in a large circle to give to 1907 one of their most cherished treasures, "Juba," inherited from 1903. The final testament was the handing down of "Amo, Amas, Amat," and of "Little Boy Blue," to be sung by the Juniors next year to the new Freshmen. Then, hand in hand, in the weird glare of the dying flames 1905 sang "Auld Lang Syne." On the way back, grouped around the newly planted tree, they repeated the favorite lines again. Finally, came the singing on the steps, and the Senior Bonfire ceremonies were things of the past.

THEODORA BATES,
ELSIE P. HENRY.

The College Breakfast

When on June 17, the Class of 1905 attended a college breakfast for the first time as guests, they experienced a novel and very pleasant sensation. It was something quite unthought-of to be able to admire the effective decorations of laurel and honeysuckle, without pangs at the remembrance of the wearisome toil of gathering them, and getting them into their places, and it was a new experience, too, to eat one's luscious strawberries, delicate croquettes and garlicky ice cream, without choking over the thought of the perfectly good dollar that was being so quickly consumed. It was most unusual to find such good and well-served food at any college function and 1905 opened its eyes and mouth in hungry appreciation. The other classes present seemed to be enjoying themselves, too, and it was good to see so many of them there. Three long tables running the length of the Gymnasium were filled, and cheers resounded from 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903 and 1904. Miss Schenck, as Toastmistress, showed great skill in carrying things off smoothly and expeditiously, with a judicious sprinkling of college stunts between the toasts, and the toasts themselves were so well chosen and so successfully apportioned that there was not a dull moment for any one. Miss Meigs brought down the house with her funny stories, and Miss Henry as usual called forth peals of merriment with her small voice and her comic seriousness. Miss Ford gave an inspiring toast to 1904 who were enjoying their first reunion, and the Seniors had every reason to be proud of their President, too, who bespoke the sentiments of her whole class when she told of 1905's love and loyalty for the college they were so soon to leave. But any sad thoughts of the imminent parting

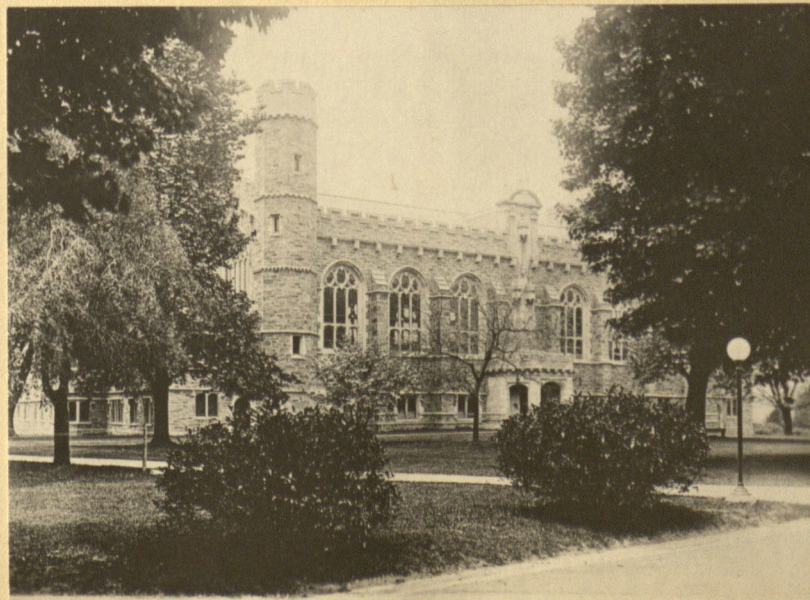
were warded off by the jollity and good-fellowship exhibited on every side, and the Seniors even ceased to regret for a few minutes, the warmth and sunshine which would have made their last day as undergraduates so much more cheerful and happy. For this, as for many other pleasant experiences, 1905 is indebted to its Freshmen, and feels that the care and thought expended upon their college breakfast is one more bond between friends already so closely united and loyal in spite of the fact that, in the words of Miss Mason's clever toast:

"The greatest goops alive
Are 1907 and 1905."

MARGUERITE ARMSTRONG.

The Varsity game was played after the College Breakfast and was won by the Varsity, 16-1.

Varsity Team—Denison,	1905 (Captain)
Houghton,	1906
Katzenstein,	1906
Mason,	1905
Havemeyer,	1905
Evans,	1906
Wade,	1906
McKeen,	1905
Hewitt,	1906



The Garden Party

Perhaps, after the Orals, which of course is *the* great excitement of Senior Year, one hears the Garden Party discussed most frequently. From the beginning of the second semester one catches such phrases from groups of Seniors, such as "If it's only a pleasant day. It *can't* rain for *our* garden party. What are you going to wear? My dear, my hat is *hideous*," etc., etc.

I don't believe that in their innermost heart any member of our class believed it *could* rain on that day of days. It seemed so utterly impossible that 1905 should leave college under a shroud of gloom. 1905, the greatest and most glorious class of all the great and glorious classes that have graduated from Bryn Mawr. Surely the sun, moon and stars would conspire to give us our send-off with the same serenity that they welcomed us here. But, alas! whether all nature wept for our departure or whether Nemesis overtook us for our mirth at 1904's Commencement weather, the year before, no man can tell. Suffice it to say, that our garden party day dawned with a cold drizzle, which kept up fitfully all day long, and settled down towards dusk, into a steady downpour. The varsity basketball game was played, rain notwithstanding, but as the victorious varsity climbed the hill after the game, the Senior Class with one final sigh gave up all hopes of a clear night and with the help of 1907 set themselves to work to transfer the Pembrokes and Rockefeller into banqueting halls as festive as might be, considering the short time and the drenched and muddy condition of all leaves and flowers.

I look back upon our garden party through the golden mist of three months' gathering—for it is autumn now, and college life seems very far distant—but it seems to me that our garden party was even more dear to us, ugly and uncomfortable and miserable though it was, than if it had gone off in a blaze of glory, under calm skies and shining stars. Our basketball had early left us aching hearts anyway, and at best gayety on that evening would have been forced and artificial. As it was, the skies wept with us and we were truly unhappy physically as well as in spirit. Will any of us ever forget, classmates, as long as we live the seething mass of superfluous parents, uncles and aunts, in Rockefeller that evening, when for the last time Kempy in her little green frock, led the glee club? Or the tired efforts to procure food for hungry relatives? Or the forced smiles when our friends' parents congratulated us? Or the lump that rose in our throats when the awful realization rolled over us that we were really at the end; that we'd never any more hear Posey's voice scolding the teams, that we'd never again sing comic operas up in Merion—that we'd never hear Snippy roaring for somebody's else book—that all the dear glad, old care-free life was over. Surely no amount of fair weather could have

abated our misery by one jot. And yet, since we were all together for nearly the last time, all more than ever bound by the common bond of wretchedness, the remembrance of our garden party is not all unhappiness, there is the same glamour over it that illuminates the memory of all our college days. The vision of hot, cross, tried relative, insufficient room, trodden toes and mud on our best frocks, fades away and leaves only the thought, "We were all together anyway."

Of that evening on the steps I cannot write. Now that our college life is really over and we who read this are separated for ever and ever, it would seem a desecration to put into words the golden memories of that time. Each one of us must have our own intimate personal thoughts of it.

As I said before, I am looking backward through the mists of three months of alumnæship, and I would not have one bit of any remembrance of those four years changed. It is all ours, such as it was and its triumphs and defeats, its joys and sorrows, will serve to bind us together as long as we live, as they bound us together during those four happy years.

ELEANOR MASON.

Mr. James' Commencement Address

Mr. James at our Commencement spoke not so much as he seemed to believe, on what were to us "Securities and Serenities." He did not, as he thought, bring a new gospel to barbarians, rather he spoke to a mixed congregation of the converted and the hardened unconverted of the "not gospelle" and the confirmed apostate. His *Question of Our Speech* summed up for us much of the long endeavor of President Thomas and of Mr. King. For them and all believers in the sanctity of beautiful speaking, it must have come as the trumpet-call of victory from headquarters. To us it came as the last imperative winding of the bugle before we were sent out to the field. As such it sounded with the insistence lent it by the occasion, our mood and Mr. James' authority.

However, it was as an outcast element of education that Mr. James urged the art of clear tone and precise articulation—an art "as delicate in its way as the jewel cutter's art." We had given no place to it, he thought, among our researches in science or our contemplation of the "clear humanities." He urged it now above all because, he said, it stands not alone but "has relation to many things." Speaking is the very life of our life; beautiful speaking is the index of much else that is beautiful. It makes a part of a great and significant whole, of the great general habit of good breeding. By inarticulate speaking, we approximate the brutish habit of grunting or growling; we destroy that fineness of good breeding that is the very flower of civilization, and the great beauty of human life. Thus by the lapse from good speaking follows this greater lapse, which is the greatest.

HOPE EMILY ALLEN.

On June 9, at 1.30, in the Merion Students' Sitting Room, 1905 held its first class meeting as Alumnæ. No one looking at the assembly would ever have taken them for such dignified persons, for they were a motley and a jovial throng. All had come there straight from their packing, and were attired in working garb, Gym suits predominating. All were in that state of fatigue when everything seems funny, and to laugh is a necessity, so that the President had difficulty in calling the meeting to order. But when she announced the business before the meeting—the discussion of the Class Baby, and of wedding presents for the 17 per cent. heading the list, the merriment reached its climax. It was, indeed, characteristic of the “jocular, jovial, genial Class of 1905” to have their last class meeting such an uproarious affair.



L'Envoi

The yellow sands have quickly run,
The victories lost, the victories won
Are over now. Our race is done,
For time flies fast,
And all the gladness of those years,
Our triumphs, sorrows, hopes and fears,
Our many joys, our scanty tears,
Are gone and past.

The echoes when the singing dies,
The after-glow of sunset skies,
The memories of our ecstasies—
But these remain.
Those precious years without alloy,
When life was but a painted toy
Are shadows now, half fraught with joy,
And half with pain.

Through all the wide world wandering
Go little book, and with you bring
The perfume of the Bryn Mawr Spring
And autumn weather.
Who knows but you may even hold
Faint echoes of the tales we've told,
Dim visions of those hours of gold
We've spent together.

ELEANOR MASON.

Scholarships

- EMILY LOUISE BLODGETT, holder of Second Bryn Mawr Matriculation Scholarship for the New England States, 1901-2.
- MARCIA BREADY, holder of Elizabeth Duane Gillespie Scholarship, 1903-5.
- KATHRYN ELLEN GROTEVENT, holder of City Scholarship, 1901-5.
- GERTRUDE HARTMAN, holder of New Century Club Scholarship, 1901-5.
- ELIZABETH PRENTISS HENRY, holder of Second Bryn Mawr Matriculation Scholarship for New York, New Jersey and Delaware, 1901-2.
- CLARA MARTHA HERRICK, holder of Second Bryn Mawr Matriculation Scholarship for the Western States, 1901-2.
- KATHERINE LEONARD HOWELL, holder of City Scholarship, 1902-5.
- MIRIAM LEIGH JOHNSON, holder of City Scholarship, 1901-5.
- JOSEPHINE MARGARETTA JONES, holder of Trustees' Philadelphia Girls' High School Scholarship, 1901-5.
- RUTH LOVERING JONES, holder of Trustees' Lower Merion High School Scholarship, 1901-2.
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- ALICE MCKINSLEY MEIGS, holder of First Bryn Mawr Matriculation Scholarship for the Western States, 1901-2.
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- ANNA MUELLER, holder of City Scholarship, 1901-5.
- MARY RACHEL NORRIS, holder of James Rhoads' Sophomore Scholarship, 1902-3; holder of Special Mrs. J. Campbell Harris Scholarship, and of Special Scholarship of the Alumnae Association of Bryn Mawr College, 1904-5.
- BERTHA WARNER SEELY, holder of Maria Hopper Scholarship, 1902-3; holder of James E. Rhoads and Junior Scholarship, 1903-4; holder of Anna Powers Memorial Scholarship, 1904-5.
- EDITH FORSYTHE SHARPLESS, holder of Elizabeth Duane Gillespie Scholarship, 1904-5.
- EMILY LEDYARD SHIELDS, holder of Maria L. Eastman Brooke Hale Memorial Scholarship, 1904-5.
- JANIE CUSHING SHOEMAKER, holder of City Scholarship, 1901-5.

HELEN RUTGERS STURGIS, holder of First Bryn Mawr Matriculation Scholarship for New York, New Jersey and Delaware, 1901-2.

ADA VIOLA TRUITT, holder of Trustees' Philadelphia Girls' High School Scholarship, 1901-5.

MARGARETTA BAILEY WILSON, holder of Girls' High and Normal School Alumnae Scholarship, 1901-5.

ANNA CHENEY WORKMAN, holder of City Scholarship, 1901-5.

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Scholar in Biology, AMELIA MONTGOMERY.

Student Assistant in Biology, AMELIA MONTGOMERY.

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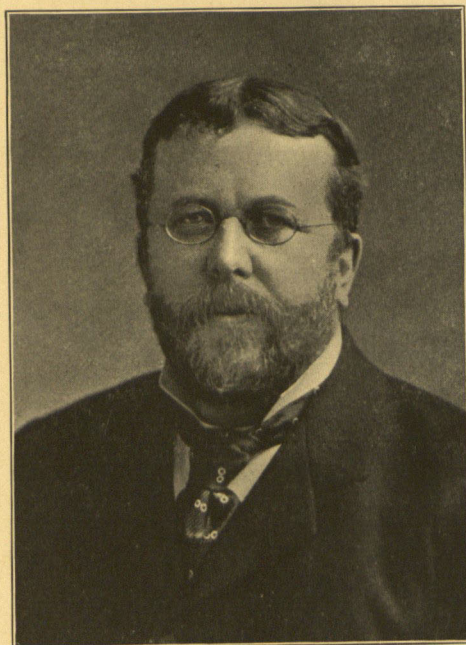
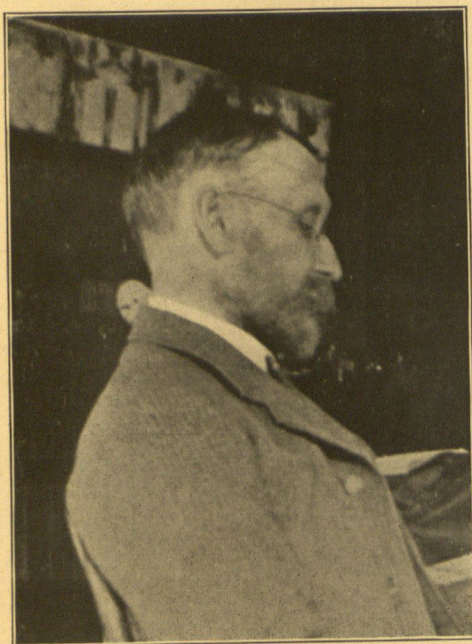
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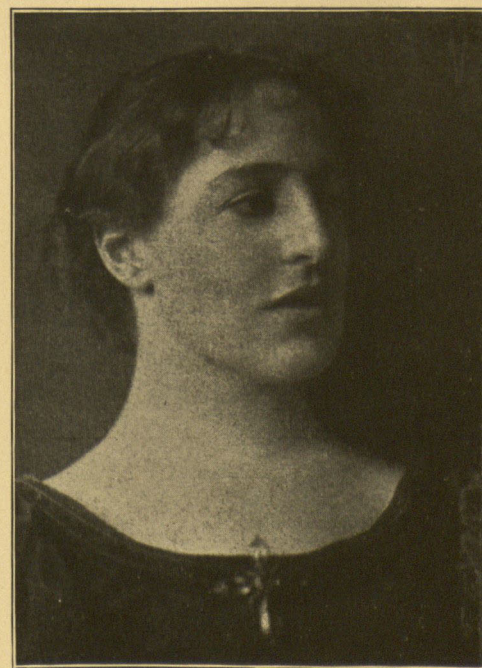
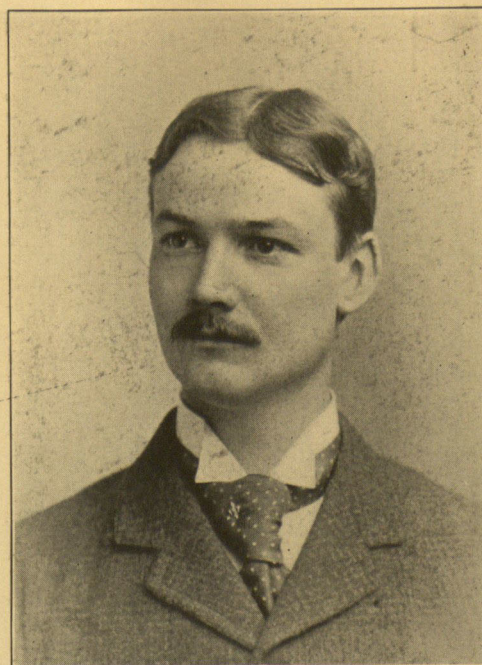
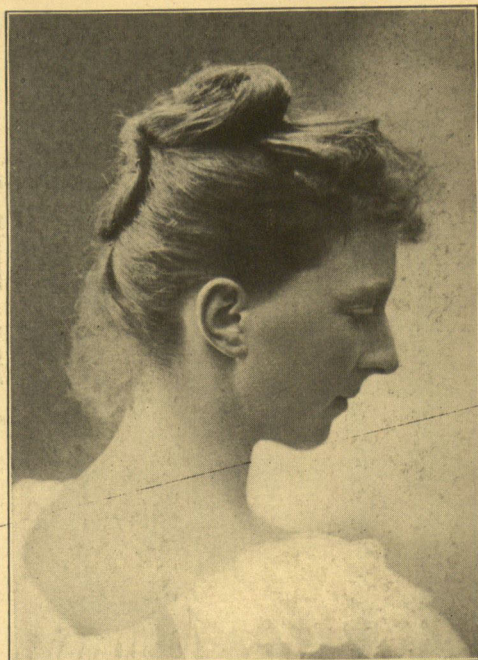
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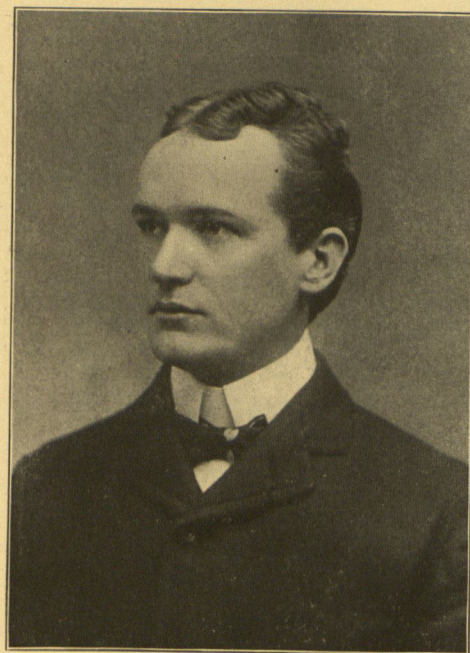
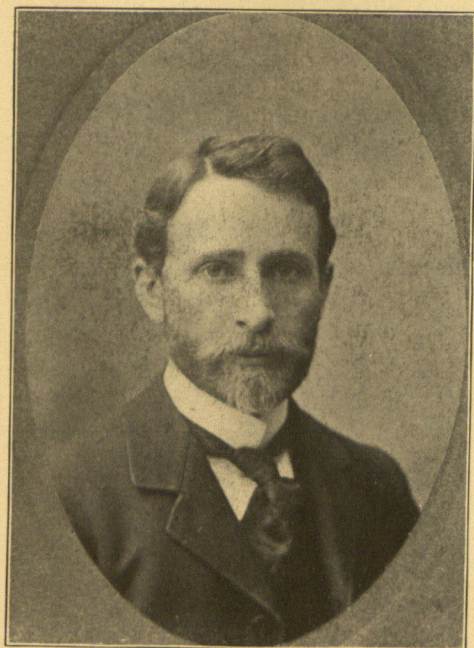
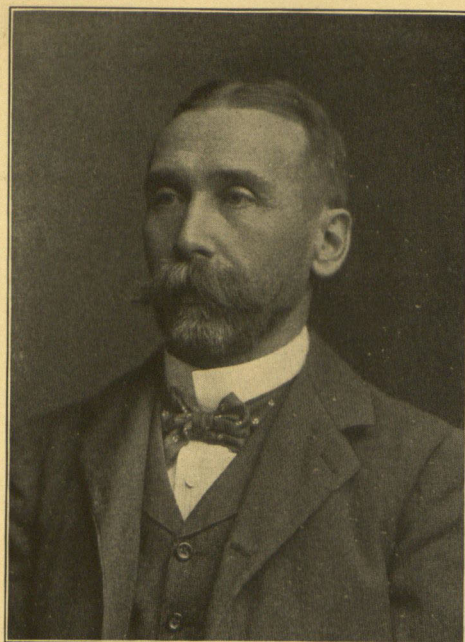
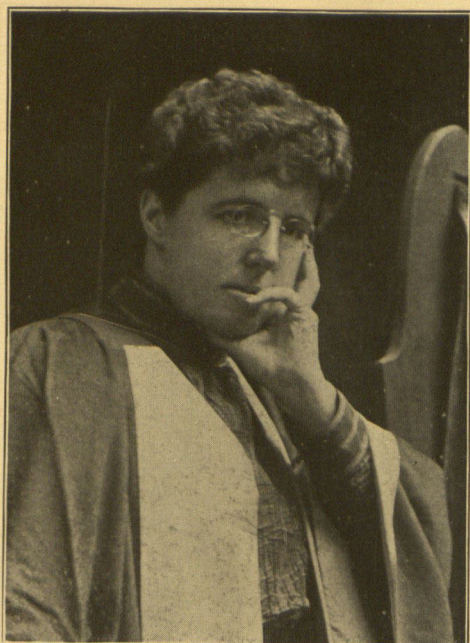
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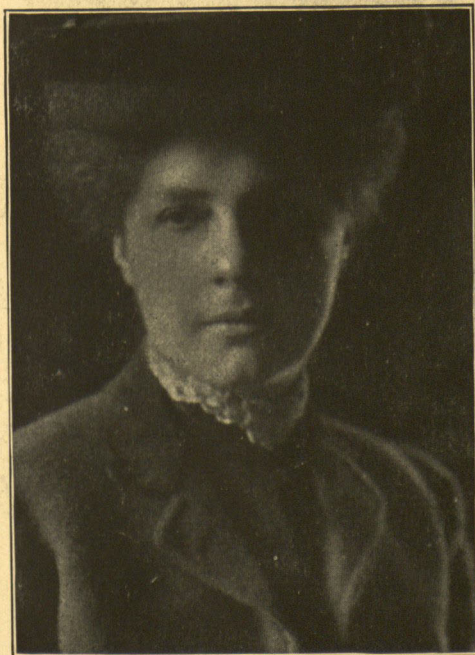
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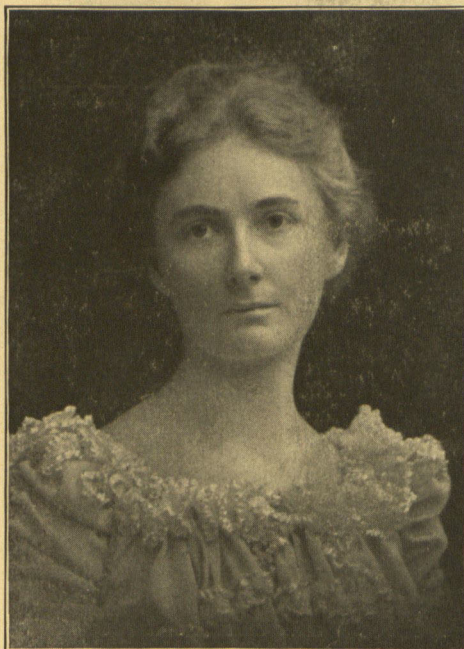
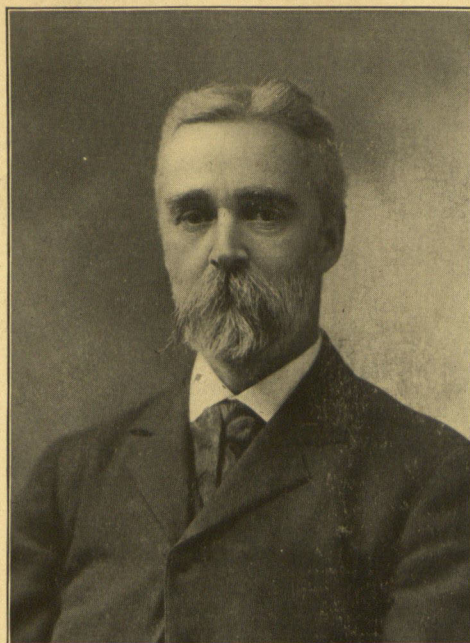
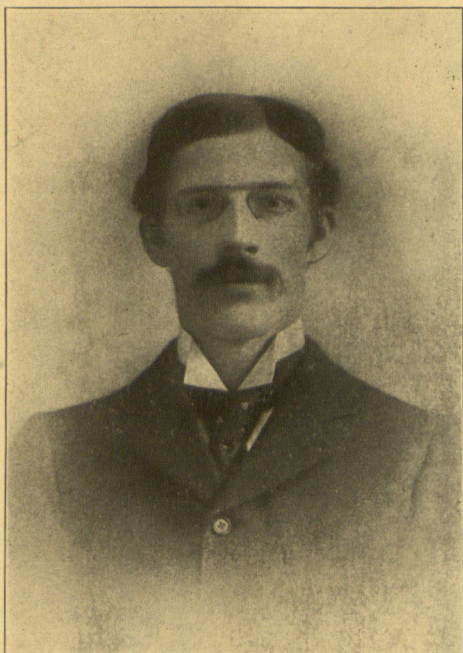


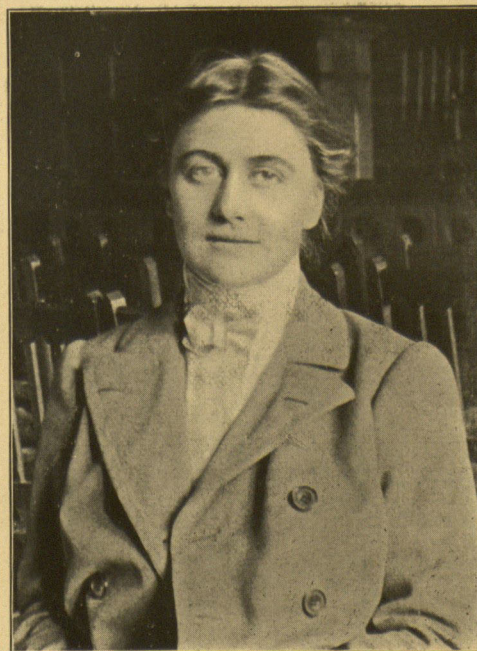
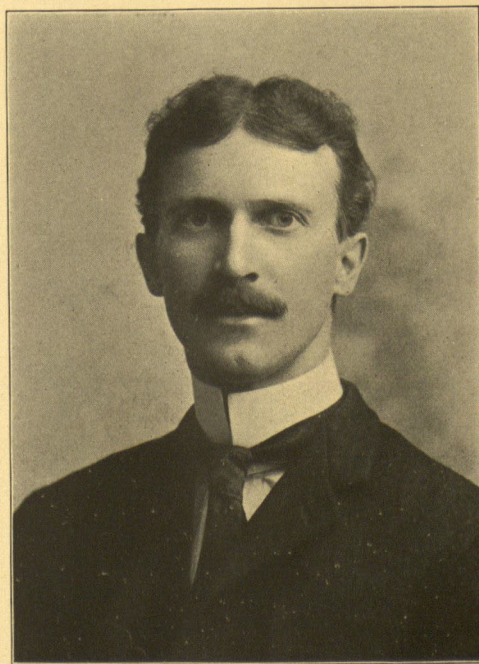
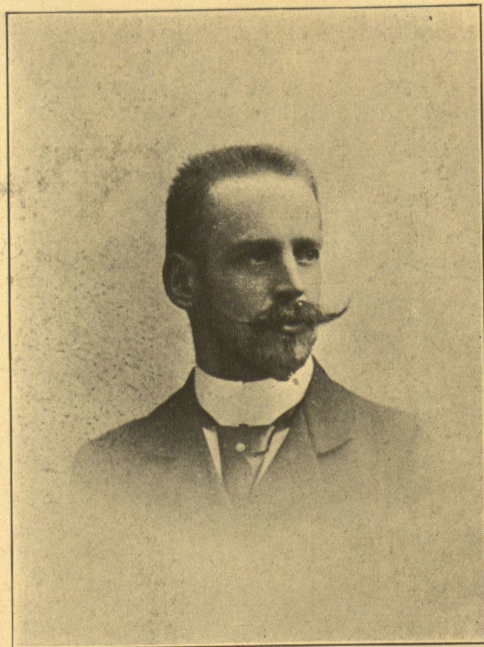


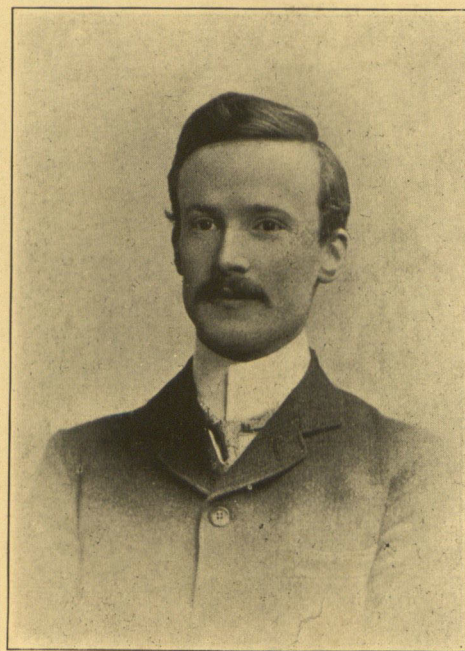
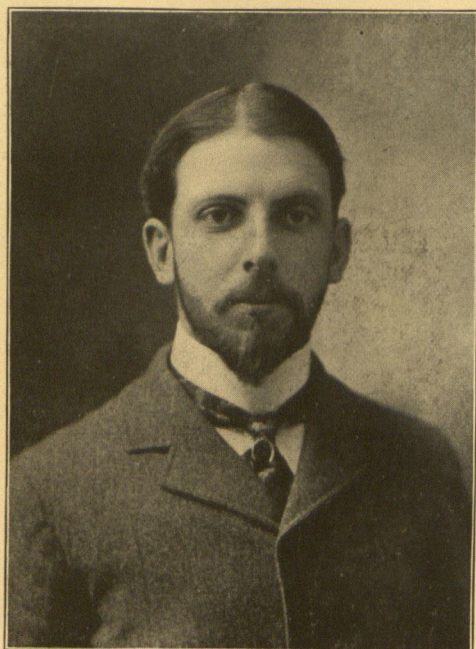
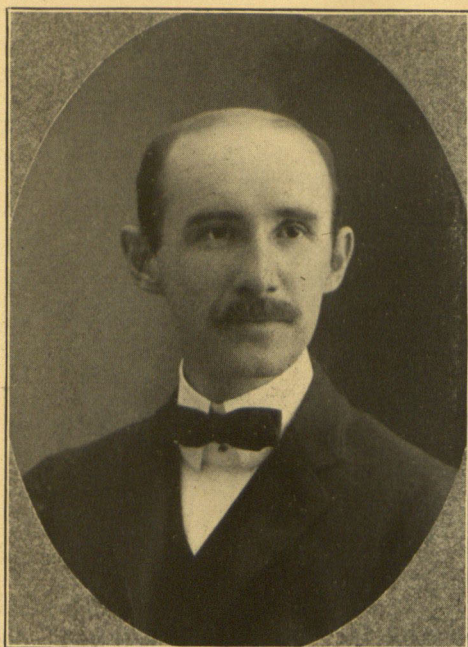


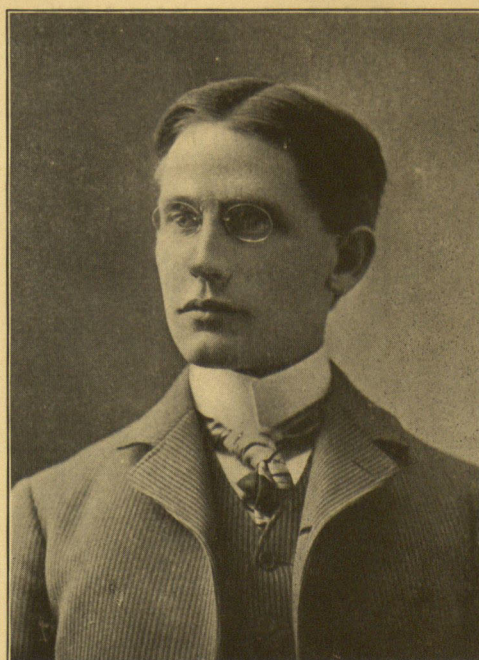
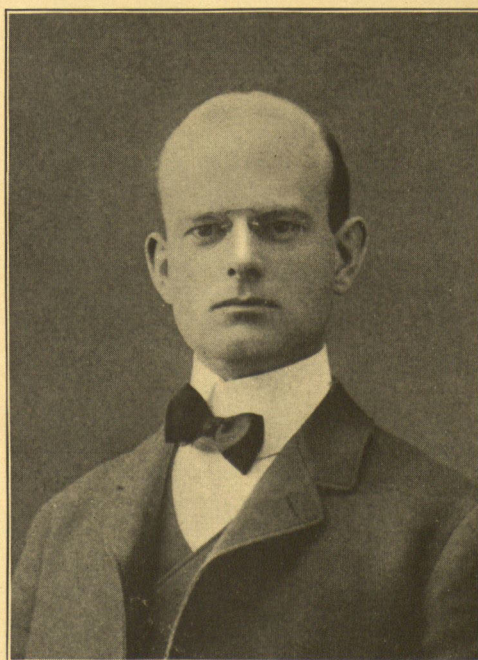
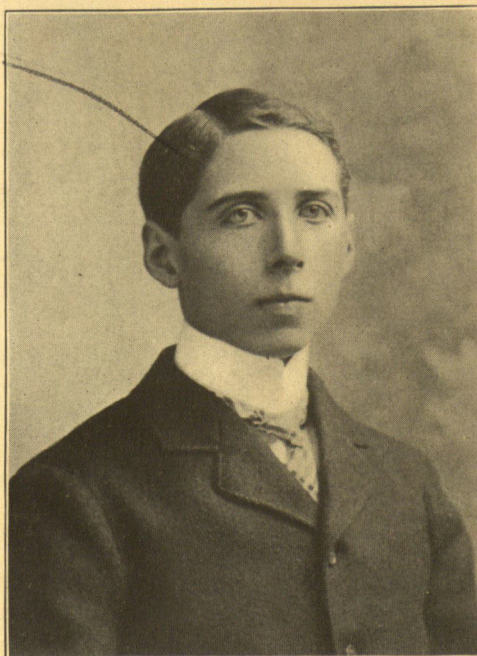














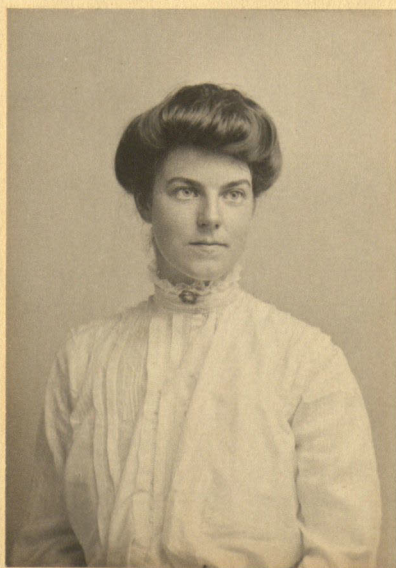


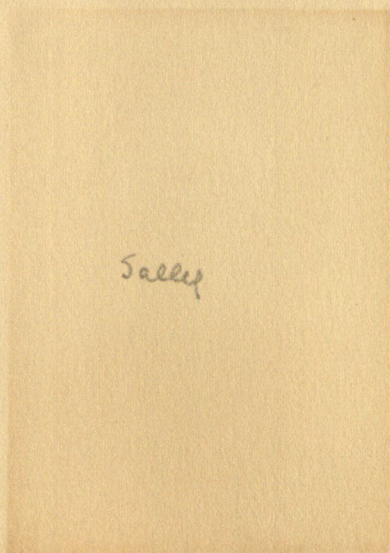
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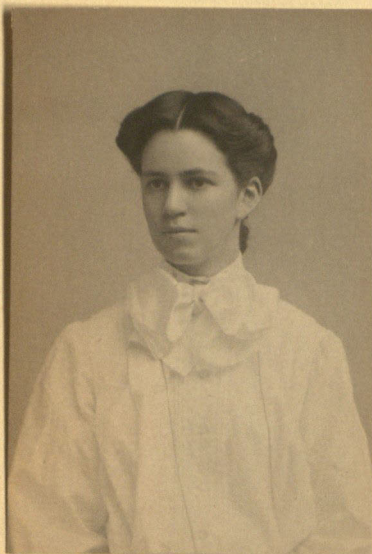
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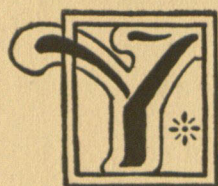
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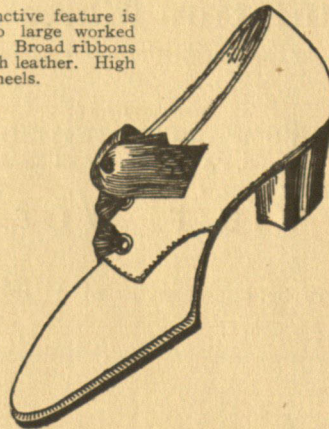
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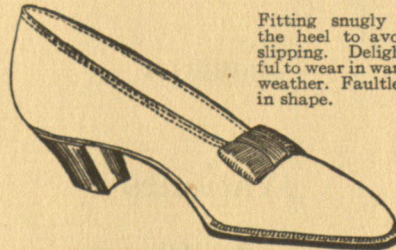
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